No. 849
Friday
1 July '94

PRIVATE EYE

Now 90p

NEW LOOK FOR C of E

CHARLES'S SHOCK PLEDGE

When you look at this picture, what do you see?

If you had been with photographer Julio Etchart when he took this picture, what would you have seen?

A child in pain, begging help from passers by, his stomach torn by a suppurating knife wound.

How old is he? Twelve, perhaps? Fourteen? Half-starved, with ribs showing through his hide like an animal in a famine.

You don't know - how could you? - that the bottle, which looks so like an English milk bottle, in fact contains footwear glue.

It's a shock to realise that this boy is a glue-sniffer. That he was probably wounded by another child addict. That he more than likely ekes his existence on the street by peddling 'crack' cocaine for drug lords.

Now look again.

Look again. Isn't your sympathy now tempered, however slightly, with distaste?

Intensify that distaste, double it, multiply it a hundredfold - could it ever turn to hate? Could you ever hate this child enough to kill him?

Some people do, Look through their eyes and you'd see a pariah, human scum, to be scraped from the streets like dog muck. In Bogotá, Colombia's capital, local traders posted notices inviting street children to their own funerals.

In Baranquilla, security guards and police at the city's Free University murdered many paper collectors, dismembered them and sold their organs to provide medical students with specimens - spare parts from disposable people.

'Disposables'. It's what they're actually called. Not just the street children, but the prostitutes, the mentally ill - and the people who dare to help them.

People like Blanca Cecilia Valero de Durán.

'Social cleansing'.

Blanca was a human rights worker. She was married, with children of her own.

In this picture she'd have seen, not a pariah, but a child who has never known affection or education.

A child often ill, always hungry, who has no-one to look after him and no home but the street.

A child who survives on his wits and expects to die young because local shopkeepers pay death squads with names like Terminator, Los Magnificos and Toxicol-90, to hunt down kids like him and shoot them like dogs

In Colombia, they call this 'social cleansing'.

The public-spirited assassins who carry it out are supported by, and often even integrated into, the Colombian police.

A state of contradiction.

Blanca was passionate to help people like the boy in the picture.

She was appalled that Colombia, which is South America's oldest democracy, should also be a place where thousands of people are cheated of their most basic human right, the right to life.

Blanca put herself on the line and joined a Colombian human rights group called CREDHOS. She became its Secretary.

We use the past tense, because Blanca is dead.

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL
BRITISH SECTION

She was gunned down outside her office in Barrancameja last year. Three policemen watched her die, ignoring her pleas for help and making no attempt to stop the killers.

Death of an 8 year old

Now imagine another picture. A lush mountainside, banana palms, jungle, small holdings. A hamlet. A farm.

It is six o'clock in the morning. An eight year old boy called Gustavo Marroquin leaves his house to join his father, who is in the milking shed.

Two hundred metres from home he freezes. Out of the landscape emerge camouflaged figures - armed soldiers of the Colombian army's 18th Infantry Battalion, 'Jaime Rook'.

They shout to the child, but he is frightened and turns to run home to his mother. The soldiers fire. Again and again. Their bullets lift the child and fling him to the ground.

His mother hears the shooting, runs out. Sees. Screams. The soldiers will not let her go to her little boy. He dies where he fell.

That is how eyewitnesses saw it.

The army's story is that they saw, not a terrified eight year old child, but a dangerous guerilla.

How angry can you get?

Are you angry? Get angrier. Treble your rage. Multiply it a hundredfold. Still you won't be as angry as human rights lawyer Alirio de Jesus Pedraza.

Alirio represents the families of scores of peasants who were gunned down by the Colombian army in 1988.

He plans to prosecute the army. To ask questions that many would like to remain unasked. To put officials and generals on the spot. To obtain justice for the victims' families.

Alirio is not naive. He knows that he is beset by difficulties - and dangers. This, after all, is a country where guards have to be placed on hospital doors to prevent death squads walking in to finish off their wounded victims.

One evening in Bogotá.

One evening in Bogotá, Alirio is in a shopping centre when eight armed men approach and seize him. He protests but the men grab his arms and bundle him away.

We say 'is', not 'was', because we don't know if Alirio is alive or dead. Nobody does. Very likely nobody ever will. When someone 'disappears' - they often just vanish and are never heard of again.

Alirio 'disappeared' nearly four years ago. Every day, his 13 year old son Oscar, comes from school, praying by some miracle to find his father at home.

No miracle yet, but for Oscar and his mother Virginia, hope does not die. As the years pass, that same hope will become a torment, an endless grief that can never be laid to rest.

This ad was paid for in lives.

We at Amnesty share the grief of families like Blanca's and Alirio's.

Over the years, many Colombian human rights workers and lawyers have become our friends.

If they didn't risk their own lives to expose what's happening, we couldn't campaign for people like the child in this picture.

As you read this, many people from little Gustavo Marroquin's village - including the eyewitnesses - are risking their lives to protest about his death.

How do they find the courage?

Dr. Rafael Barrios, a human rights lawyer, told Amnesty, "In work to stop violations of human rights, you find strength you did not know you had. In Colombia we all know that defending human rights puts us personally at risk. But we have to take up the challenge."

Blanca Valero de Durán and Alirio de Jesus Pedraza took up the challenge - and paid the price.

In fact this advertisement has already been paid for, many times over, not in pounds and pence, but in lives.

It will upset some people.

This ad will upset the Colombian government, which wants to convince the world that it is doing everything it can to stop the killings.

It has appointed commissions, signed protocols and passed laws - all designed to safeguard human rights. None work.

The Government wants you to believe that most political killings are committed by drug-dealers, guerillas, or rogue soldiers. In fact most are the work of the armed forces and police.

But the Colombian Government won't stand up to the military, who are allowed, literally, to get away with murder.

As a result, the chaos in Colombia is spiralling out of control - it has become a struggle between those who support human rights, and those who suppress them.

This month Colombians go to the polls and there's real hope in the country that the incoming President will respond to calls to put human rights at the top of the agenda.

But the new President, whatever his politics, will still need to find the political will to tackle the army and police.

You can help him find it.

What will you do to help?

If you could do something to help stop street children being murdered, would you?

If you could do something to provide medical assistance to torture victims, would you?

If you could do something to help the children of families that have been torn apart by the turmoil, would you?

If you could do something to protect lawyers like Alirio, and human rights workers like Blanca against the death squads, would you?

Well, you can do something. You can join Amnesty.

Just by joining, you're helping to fund our work in Colombia. Your money cannot be put to better use.

After our last appeal - on Indonesia and East Timor - thousands of readers joined Amnesty.

Their action alone - just those who joined from that one appeal - could enable us to flash Urgent Action Appeals around the world to help the next 3,000 people who find themselves unjustly imprisoned, tortured, or in danger of losing their lives.

Joining Amnesty is one of the best things you will ever do for another human being.

Please do it now.

I wish to be a member of Amnesty International. I enclose £19 Individual ☐ £24 Family ☐ £6 Student ☐
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I wish to donate £500 ☐ £250 ☐ £100 ☐ £50 ☐ £25 ☐ £10 ☐ Other ☐

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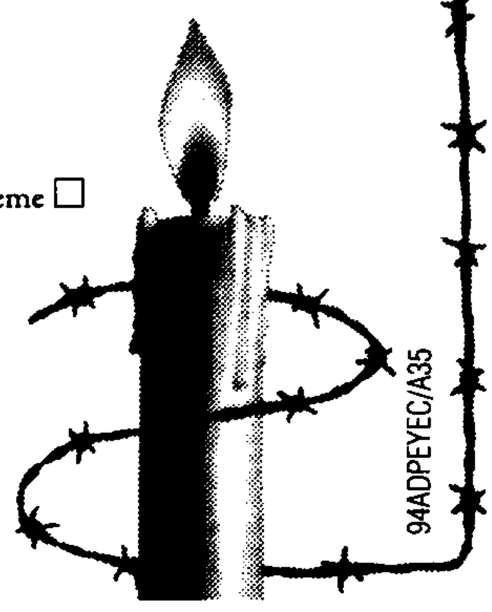
AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL



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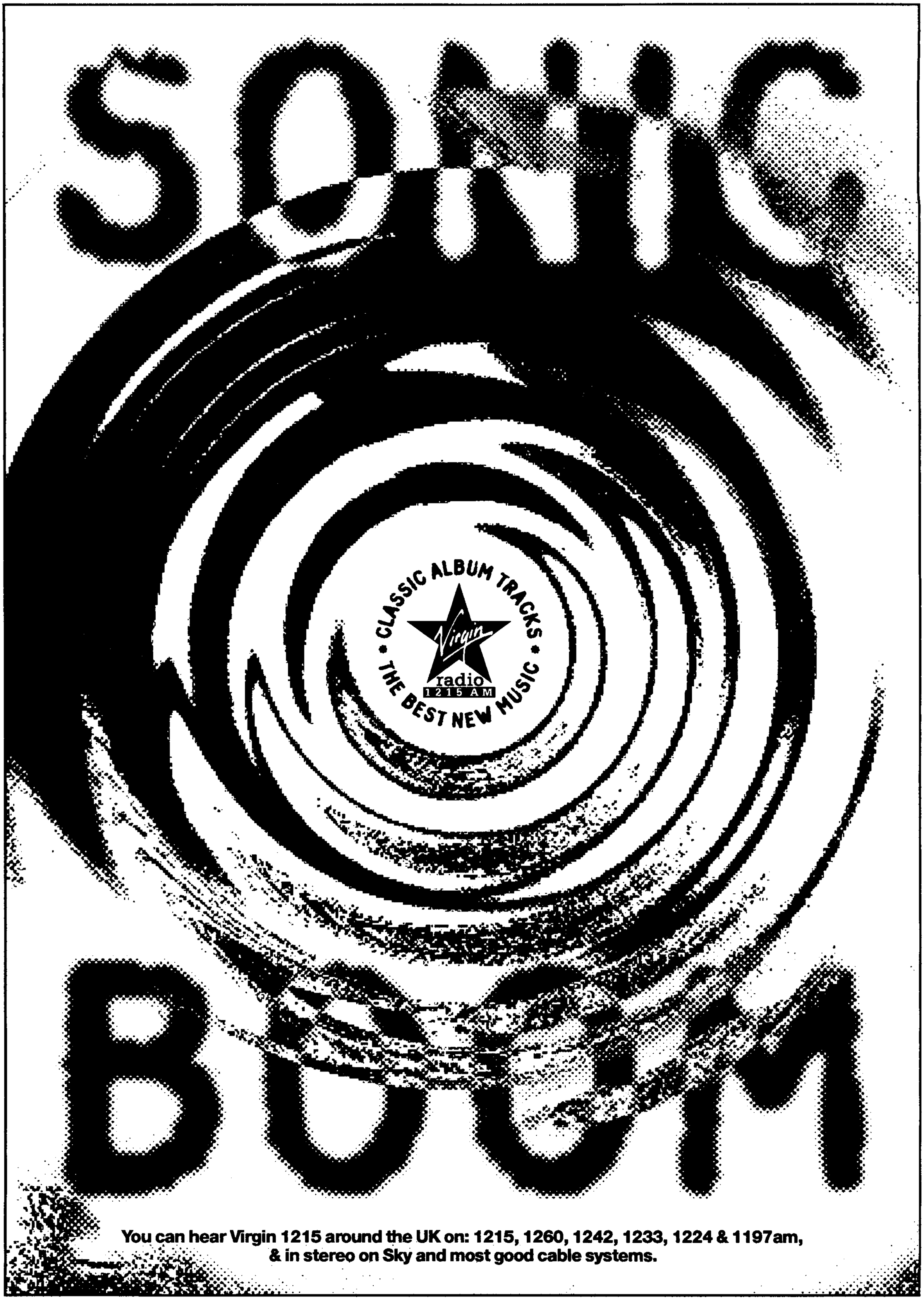
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Gnome

THERE have been disgraceful allegations in papers owned by my rivals that I was in breach of Stock Exchange rules when I sold 22,000 Gnome Ordinary shares four weeks ago on the Tokyo stock market.

Critics point out that the sale anticipated last week's dramatic fall in the Gnome share price following the decision to reduce the cover price of my organ to 2p.

Let me make it clear that the decision to cut the price was nothing whatever to do with me and was taken independently by Mr Emmanuel Strobes after consultation with the editor Mr Max Hislings.

Indeed, when it was announced to me as a *fait accompli*, I was highly sceptical about the likely efficacy of any such move.

Subsequent events have proved me right.

E. Strobes
pp Lord Gnome
Blackadder Hall
Toronto
Canada

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COLOUR SECTION

CELEBRATING his appointment as chairman of the new Coal Authority which will regulate coal production throughout the country, Sir David White says his family comes from Nottinghamshire and he is "steeped in coal".

Sir David's father was not a miner, however. He was an accountant with his own Nottingham firm. After a spell on the high seas, young David went into coal's major competitor, oil, and from there to furniture removal.

Sir David is a loyal Conservative and was appointed chairman of the Nottingham health authority in 1986. *Eye* readers will recall his role in the strange story of Nottingham Health Clinic, a private care centre for alcoholics. The clinic was set up by a partnership between the authority (taxpayers' money) and a private firm which employed as a paid consultant Jim Lester, the Tory MP for Broxtowe.

When the department of health was told about this arrangement, it told the Nottingham authority (chair: David White) that it was acting beyond its powers and the arrangement with the clinic was illegal (see dept of health statement to the *Eye*, 2 July 1993). Kenneth Clarke, then secretary of state for health, was, said the spokesman, "not informed".

The health authority paid no attention and went on subsidising the clinic. The district auditor at the time, Mr Kevin Chidgey, wrote a report denouncing the agreement with the clinic as "unlawful" and pointing out that £1.8 million of public money had been spent on this illegal enterprise.

Last year Mr Chidgey's report was leaked. David White, who had been knighted in 1992, was outraged. So was Jim Lester MP. Both said the conclusions were wrong. The health authority took legal advice which did not conclude that the partnership was illegal. It looked last summer as if a major row might blow up between Sir David's authority and the district auditor who accused it of breaking the law.

Everything was settled in a decent British compromise. An Audit Commission spokesman told the *Eye*: "We still say the partnership was illegal, but we are not issuing a public interest report because the health authority has agreed to sell their interest in the clinic". How much for? "That figure is not publicly available yet."

Mr Chidgey meanwhile has been demoted and banished to Tewkesbury. The Audit Commission told the *Eye* "the reason for his move was not entirely to do with the Nottingham clinic". So the commission still thinks Sir David's authority broke the law. Sir David doesn't agree, and neither does the government, obviously. After all, it could hardly appoint a man whose authority broke the law to be chairman of the Coal Authority, could it?

School note: Sir David was educated at Nottingham High School. So was Jim Lester MP. So was the Rt Hon Kenneth Clarke.

THE maniacal murderers of Catholics watching a football match in a pub at Loughinisland, Co Down, are unlikely to be identified or punished. "Loyalist" killers are far less likely to be caught than republicans mainly because they do not kill policemen or soldiers, but also because they have for many years been "run" by British army intelligence and Special Branch.

The slaughter was the work of the Mid-Ulster Brigade of the Ulster Volunteer Force, whose leaders — and their whereabouts — have been known to the authorities for nearly 20 years. The two most prominent killers are known as "The Jackal" and "King Rat". Between them the pair can claim the killings of Patrick Campbell (1973); John Francis Green (1975); three members of the Miami Show Band, a pop group, (1975); Sgt Joe Campbell, a Catholic policeman (1977); shopkeeper William Strathearn (1977); Eileen Duffy and Katrina Rennie (1991); and many more.

The complicity in all this of the Jackal or King Rat has been proved by powerful evidence, but neither has even been charged, let alone convicted (see *Prey of the Jackal*, *Eye* 16 July 1993).

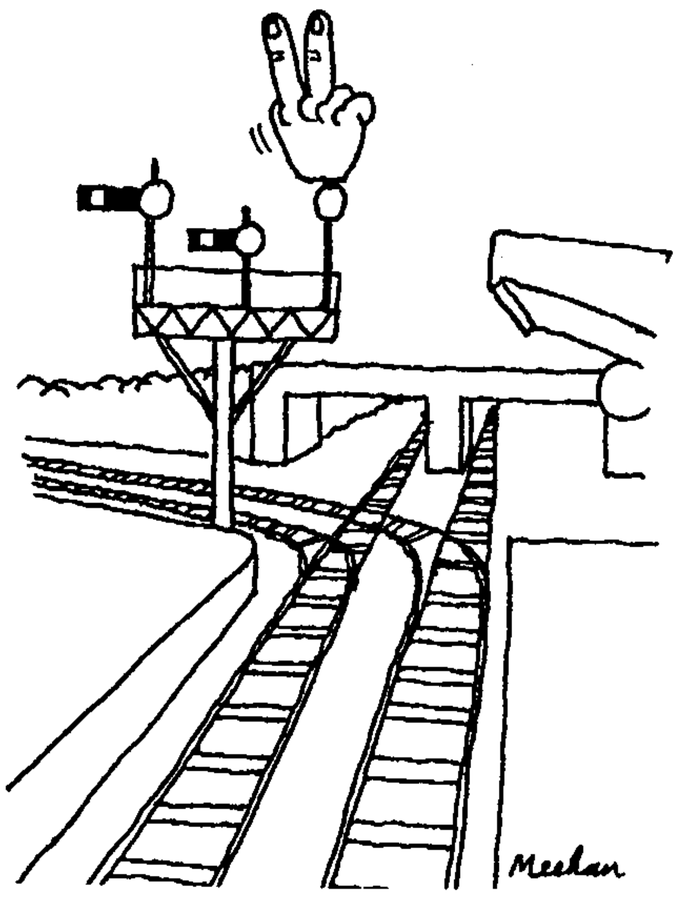
The flagrant bias towards loyalism of police and the so-called "security services" is coming under close scrutiny. There are fears that, if as seems increasingly likely, Sinn Fein and the IRA sign up for peace, one of their most strident demands will be for more impartiality from the forces of law and order. The pressure from the US is specially disturbing. In April, for instance, US congressman Eliot L. Engel wrote to the Irish minister of justice demanding action against the Jackal and his gang over the bombing of Dublin in 1974 — the most murderous terrorist atrocity since the war.

The allegations of bias were momentarily silenced when a huge arms consignment was seized by HM customs on a Polish ship at Teesport last November. The arms, according to "government sources", were on their way to loyalist gangs in Ulster for use against Dublin. This was hailed, needless to say, as a triumph for impartial British intelligence.

The triumph was rather shortlived. Questions started to be asked about the Teesport shipment when the chief customs investigator, Douglas Tweddle, could not explain why sniffer dogs did not detect the explosives when the ship — MV Inowroclaw — was searched at Tilbury. Tweddle later admitted the exercise was a "sting" operation. He could not explain why no one got stung.

Not much later, the Dublin newspaper *The Irish Press* reported that the whole "seizure" was set up and put into action by British intelligence. A Polish embassy official told the newspaper that the "arms find" was "a political and psychological operation rather than a police one". No one has yet revealed how much the taxpayer had to fork out for the expensive arms shipment whose only purpose was to establish an impartiality which never existed.

● *BBC to be privatised* *10*



Street of Shame

THERE WAS more embarrassment at the *Grauniad* this week, courtesy of its computerised memo system.

Frustrated at her less than rocketing rise to journalistic peaks — she's still on a work experience contract — Anna Blundy sent a message to David McKie, Peter Preston's long-suffering assistant editor.

Sensing that her career was being blighted by the "grey old men" who run the paper, she was moved to ask: "When is Preston going to go?"

McKie wearily responded: "I'm often asked that question. Till recently I always said 1994. But now it looks as though he's going on forever," sending the message to Blundy's screen.

Owing to a keyboard-operator error, however, the message was sent to Preston's terminal instead. "Thank you for your memo," replied the grey man. "I'm glad you have such confidence in me."

SIMON HEFFER, the new deputy editor of the *Daily Torygraph*, is of course several miles to the right of editor Max "Hitler" Hastings. He is, however, on the same wavelength as Conrad Black, the mini-skirt expert who owns the paper, and that's what counts.

It was widely assumed that Black himself must have appointed Heffer against Hastings's wishes. The theory was strengthened by the fact that Heffer and Black were seen lunching together last Monday, the day before the changes were announced.

Not so, however. Black's purpose in lunching Heffer was to persuade him to become editor of the *Spectator*. It was Hastings who had the idea of luring Hefferlump to the *Telegraph*, having apparently accepted that it needed a shift to the right.

Heffer has lost no time in showing his loyalty to his new editor. As soon as he took up the job last week, the carrot-haired fogey strode up to the desk of Nicholas Garland, the paper's pisspoor political cartoonist. "Garland," he boomed. "I want you to do a cartoon of me — with my tanks on Max Hastings's lawn."

WHEN showbiz hackette Barbra Paskin flew home from Los Angeles for a brief holiday she got an unsympathetic reception from immigration staff at the US embassy in Grosvenor Square when she went to renew her visa. They cancelled it — permanently.

Paskin had fallen foul of the US government's decision to restrict the number of freelance British hacks practisiing their art — which has recently involved paying much attention to Bill Clinton's former "confidantes" — even though she stuck to routine interviews with minor celebs plugging their films.

Stranded in London with her belongings, home and contacts in LA, what was a poor girl to do? The answer was splashed over three pages of the *Daily Mail*'s pisspoor Femail section, in which Paskin delivered a "David Hemmings broke my heart"-style tale, revealing her years as the increasingly little known actor-director's mistress.

Bizarrely, the Hemmings-Paskin exchange of body fluids has surfaced again — this time in the increasingly strange *Sunday Express* magazine. Amid Eve Pollard's exciting mix of "County Culture" (stories about snobs and their servants) and "A Sporting Life" (what sandwiches you get to scoff in corporate hospitality tents at Henley, etc), a fascinating two-page feature focused on David Hemmings's favourite shop, conveniently situated for *Express* readers on Hollywood Boulevard.

Paskin provided the text on the sixties "heartthrob", paying tribute to his family life, talented wife Prue, foster child, granddaughter and "untold number of dogs". Nary a mistress in sight — the *Sunday Express* obviously being a much more moral newspaper than the sleazy *Daily Mail*.

JUST FANCY THAT

The Sun, 16 June, 1994

Clarke opts for caution not tax cuts

The Times, 16 June, 1994

IT IS some seven weeks since Peter McLie, the World's Worst Columnist, was replaced on the *Sunday Times* by that unmissable commentator Mariella Frostrup.

So embarrassed was the *Sunday Times*'s then associate editor Sue Douglas by the circumstances — the *Eye* had published news of McHackey's downfall before she had been able to break the news to him herself — that she felt obliged to renew his £70,000 a year contract for a further six months, with the notion that he would write regular pieces for the paper's News Review section.

Although McHackey has a weekly chat with the section's rolypoly overseer Tony Rennell, he has not yet been asked to contribute a single word. He has thus earned nearly £10,000 in return for no work since the contract was renewed.

THE NEW cutprice *Times* knows where it stands on the Labour leadership contest to judge by its coverage last Friday of Tony Blair's manifesto.

"Mr Blair's blueprint," it reported on the front page, "is long on aspirations but short on detail."

A further report on page 8 noted that Blair's statement was "strong on vision and short on pledges".

At the foot of the same page, the paper's heavyweight pundit Peter Riddell gave his judicious assessment of the Blair message. "Yesterday's statement," he concluded, "was long on general intentions and short on specific policies."

Are *Times* hacks suffering from repetitive strain injury, perchance?

SHAREHOLDERS in Mirror Group Newspapers, no doubt appalled by the sensational slide in the MGN share price after the declaration of price wars between Murdoch and Black, will be delighted to hear of another triumph for the "cost-cutting culture" introduced by chief executive David Montgomery: the case of Sean Smith.

Smith wrote a column in the *People* until the Montgomery management took over in October 1992, reassured journalists that the "editors stay in place" and, two weeks later, sacked the editor of the *People*.

The new editor told Smith she wanted him to split his column into small pieces throughout the paper. Smith insisted he had been hired as a columnist and was told there was no job for him in that capacity.

The matter could easily have been settled for a lump-sum payment of £30,000 and no costs. But Montgomery's cost-cutters can't abide paying out money to mere journalists. They told Smith to whistle for his money. Smith whistled all the way to the high court, where he has won his case game set and match — and £38,727. The Mirror's legal costs, gratefully received by Lincoln's Inn solicitors Swepstone Walsh are £130,000 of good shareholders' money and rising.

FAT TYCOON Tony O'Reilly, who sees himself as an international media magnate even if few outside his payroll agree, has put the finishing touches to the new board at his majority-owned Independent Newspapers.

Former *Financial Times* chief executive David Palmer has joined the Dublin-based company as managing director. His arrival coincides with that of former *Washington Post* editor Ben Bradlee, who becomes a non-executive director. What they will make of O'Reilly's papers and their proprietor's disinclination to spend money on hacks when a scissors and paste job or a bogus Gordon Thomas interview will do, remains to be seen.

These new moves are bad news for Mirror Group chief David "Rommel" Montgomery, who had hoped O'Reilly would throw in the towel and sell off his 29.9 percent stake in the London *Independent* titles. Instead O'Reilly has clung on, and despite Rommel's refusal to concede formal boardroom representation, the Irishman was permitted to add his own names to the list of possible successors to the ex-saintly one, Andreas Whittam-Smith.

Interestingly, O'Reilly passed over his two great supporters, Ivan Fallon and Roy Greenslade, but given Palmer's elevation, *Financial Times* deputy editor Ian Hargreaves who did make the shortlist must fancy his chances of gaining O'Reilly's support for the *Indie* editorship.

FOOTBALL writing's elder statesman, the eccentric novelist Brian Glanville, may get a shock when he returns from the United States after the world cup.

Kensington council has slapped an enforcement order on the *People* journalist requiring him to remove the Sky satellite dish which has hung from the roof of his plush Holland Park Avenue home for nearly four years.

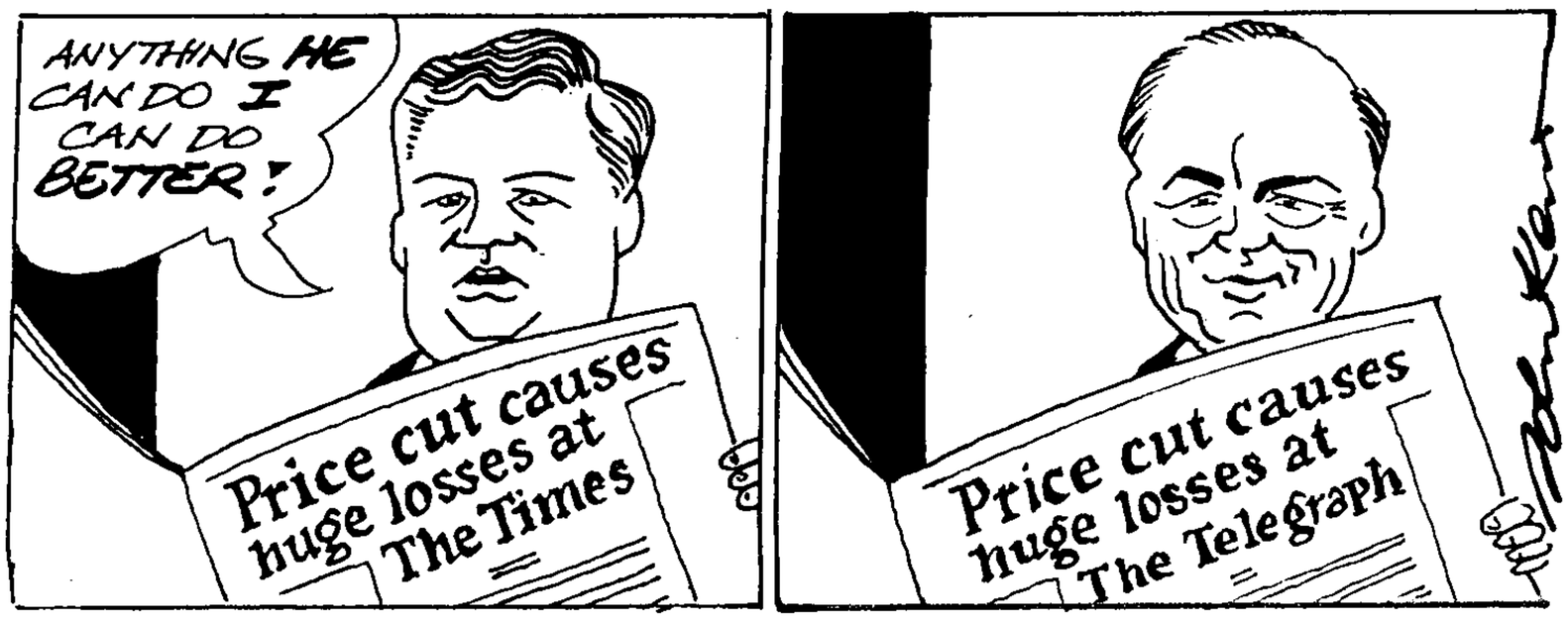
"Glanners" fitted the dish at his home — a listed building in the heart of a conservation zone — without planning permission. By law the dish must be removed within four weeks, yet Glanville is away for five. Is a chauffeur's uniform the only one which will greet the loquacious hack at Heathrow?

Apology

IN THE last *Eye* we published a story suggesting that Max Hastings had sacked Brenda Maddox as media columnist of the *Daily Telegraph* because he had been angered by her hostility to Michael Green and Carlton TV; and that he had prevented her from writing an article about Carlton TV.

We now accept that these suggestions were false: at no time did Max Hastings make any attempt to prevent Brenda Maddox from writing about Carlton TV or any other issue of her choice; the only reason for her dismissal was the paper's need for more space for arts reviews. We apologise to all parties concerned for the distress caused by our item.

Blackadder



HALLO!

The new heartwarming column by *The Marquesa*

HALLO! THAT perennially young, beautiful and talented megastar Joan Collins invites Hallo! into her boudoir to break some sad news.

Since she turned to fiction-writing a few years ago her novels have been enjoyed by countless readers — but, it seems, her publisher is less impressed.

Random House has, she tells me, invited her to repay $1 million of her $3 million advance because, it is alleged, the novels "aren't up to standard". How dare it!

Her glamorous sister Jackie is also feeling slightly unloved. The publisher Reed, who paid $550,000 for the hardback rights alone in her last novel, *American Star*, has declined to buy the sequel. More fool it: Pan Macmillan has now scooped up both the paperback and hardback rights to her next novel for a mere $2.5 million. And, according to literary gossip, it could well be a hot tip for next year's Booker Prize!

HALLO! WE UNDERSTAND that our friend Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill has become rather excited about a new vanity product — the slimming patch (which is worn in the same way as a nicotine patch, only it helps one to shed weight through stimulating the metabolism).

When the patch was put on the market several weeks ago in my native Spain, the Style section of the *Sunday Times* asked a panel of celebrities, including their departing editor Neill, to take some out for a test-drive.

Indeed, the *Sunday Times* stringer in Spain has been primarily occupied in buying patches and sending them over here. Neill has been so impressed by the product he has asked the paper to provide him with a three-month supply.

HALLO! NEILL, soon to wow American TV viewers with his immense panache as a news anchor on Rupert Murdoch's Fox TV, has an even bigger problem than his weight, however: his famous "Brillo Pad" hair — or rather lack of it.

The first rule of American TV news and current affairs is that presenters must carry a full "pad" to give them the appropriate gravitas and bearing. Those not blessed in this department have to be fitted with expensive syrups from Beverly Hills; Dan Rather and David Letterman boasting particularly splendid top of the range wigs.

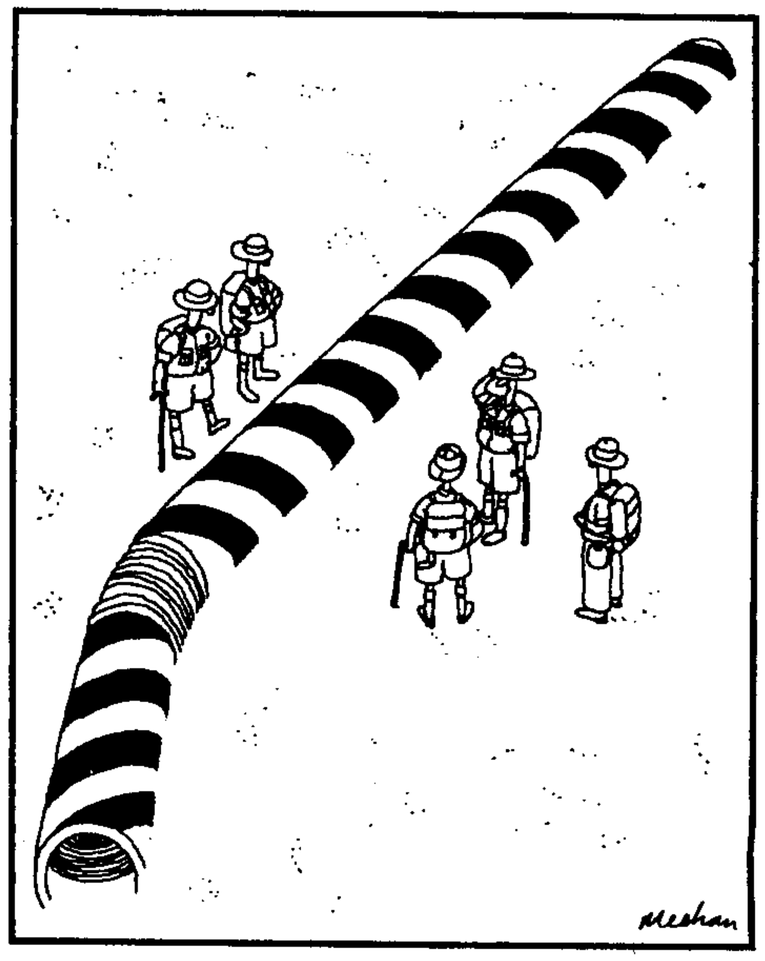
Executives at Fox TV who have finally met their new star turn are now anticipating hefty bills for Brillo's obligatory rug rethink.

HALLO! MEANWHILE, Andrew Neill's mild-mannered successor as editor of the *Sunday Times*, John Witherow, is working hard to acquire a more colourful persona. He has been aping one of his predecessor's most charming traits — namely, the full-throated appreciation of pneumatically-built females.

He was therefore delighted to hear that his paper's ever-stylish "Style" section was running a feature about the dangers of breast implants, to be illustrated by a picture of the luscious Alana Stewart, ex-wife of Rod.

Imagine his disappointment, then, when the picture desk proved unable to track down any photographs displaying Alana's embonpoint in its full glory.

"But that was the whole point of the piece!" he wailed.



"We could well be looking at the straw that broke the camel's back"

HALLO! *ALASTAIR BURT, the boyish Tory MP for Bury North, has been thrust into the media spotlight in recent months. As the junior social security minister in charge of the popular Child Support Agency, he has been pilloried in public and has found graffiti condemning "Peter Lilley's Gestapo" daubed on the wall of his delightful house. He has also been kept busy explaining the suicides of a number of fathers which were attributed, no doubt unfairly, to his agency.*

Such is the price of fame. But Alastair tells me he still finds time for his constituents. He has recently become patron of the Bury branch of Gingerbread — a support group for single parents!

Pseuds Corner

Her [Candia McWilliam's] sentences have a stuffed perfection. You go through each page very slowly. Here, the pads of a kitten's feet are likened to "white raspberries"; there, a shop window has a tray of sorbets "like frozen inks". At sea, none of the six sailors communicate with any success; instead, they are trapped in their vials of vivid memory and distracted by the monotonous wonderment of the sea — "the silent bustle of fish" (isn't that perfect?), or the boat's generator, which makes "a cosy noise, a sound like the passing of a goods train without end", or the boat's cockroaches, which move around with "sectioned purposefulness".

This goes beyond merely stylistic bathing. McWilliam's deeply metaphorical style is the assertion of pattern against the drifting suspension of the novel's characters. This language is the language of memory. It is what Proust means when he writes that memory is like a half-remembered melody which we strive to complete, "with its elusive and delectable rhythm". Such a style is a cry of love, a surrender to estrangement.

JAMES WOOD
Guardian

She [Jeannette Winterson] cares about the word, not the world. Where once her writing was light as a soufflé, now it's light as a balloon, gorgeous, streaming colours, buoyed with clear light, and bobbing on its way into a solipsistic, meaningless stratosphere.

NICCI GERRARD
Observer

On the road from the Guatemalan border to Tapachula I was asked by a Mexican taxi-driver what language they spoke in England. The answer, of course, is prehispanicized North-American, or dissipator-reprocessed neo-English techno-capital machine-code: the language in which the writings of Deleuze and Guattari now function.

NICK LAND
Modern Review

Tonight I read the boys a Paddington Bear story and realise that Paddington was also an illegal immigrant trying to avoid deportation or quarantine.

SUE GILES
(Chaplain, HM Prison Bristol)
Guardian

In the sense that Hummel's or Britten's Mozart cadenzas are unmistakeably Hummelian, Brittenesque experiences, so Alkan's Beethoven is unquestionably Alkanesque (like Brahms's several are definably Brahmsian); the personality, thrust and texture, the peculiar Franco-German synthesis, cannot be the work of anyone else. When the music blazes into C major *fortissimo* with a *maggiore* version of the Concerto's opening subject thundered out in the left hand counterpointed against the *marcia* finale of the Fifth Symphony a trinity of octaves away in the right, the effect is cataclysmic, the audacity belief-defying.

ATES ORGA
Programme notes, Wigmore Hall

Catholicism is about healing and wholeness. It is about discovering parenthood, being grasped and re-grasped by the liberating, life-giving, generous, ever-enlarging, robust and spacious fullness of God.

RT REV FRANK GRISWOLD
(Bishop of Chicago)
Church Times

I don't think I have publicly taken sides for or against hunting and such: the reason is not that I am unable to make up my mind — as it happens, I do have opinions on the subject, and rather strong ones, too — but that I am, at any given moment, involved in at least 197 arguments with someone or something (or both) and I must draw the line somewhere.

BERNARD LEVIN
The Times

CONTRIBUTORS: Everyone, Everyone Else, M. Williams, C. Newman, J. Hannon, G. Woodforde, S. Barlass.

£10 paid for entries

NICK BROWN, Labour MP for Newcastle upon Tyne East, has written a furious letter to Tony Newton, leader of the House.

Was Keith Hampson, a Tory member of the trade and industry select committee, motivated by financial gain, Brown wonders, when he asked defence secretary Malcolm Rifkind about possible links between Iraq and the French company trying to buy the Swan Hunter shipyard?

Any such links are categorically denied by the French company, Constructions Mecaniques de Normandie (CMN), which is controlled by two Lebanese brothers, Iskandar and Akram Safa. But Brown persists: "I want you to ask him [Hampson] if he has been paid money either directly or indirectly, or received any other consideration in respect of the questions he is asking."

Can the outraged writer be the same Nick Brown who in May was flown to France to assess CMN's record and background? The freebie was arranged following a meeting between the MP and CMN's UK representative and cannot, of course, be described in any way as a "consideration".

Brown's closeness to CMN is evident from a letter he sent earlier this month to Iskandar Safa — whom he addresses "Dear Sandy". "I am very keen indeed," he tells his Lebanese chum, "that the CMN takeover of Swan Hunter should go ahead and that this smear campaign run by our commercial rivals should be fought off."

MARGARET Beckett's belief that she could do the job of prime minister better than Margaret Thatcher struck many Labour MPs as odd. After all, Thatcher ended up being advised by men in white coats that she needed a permanent rest.

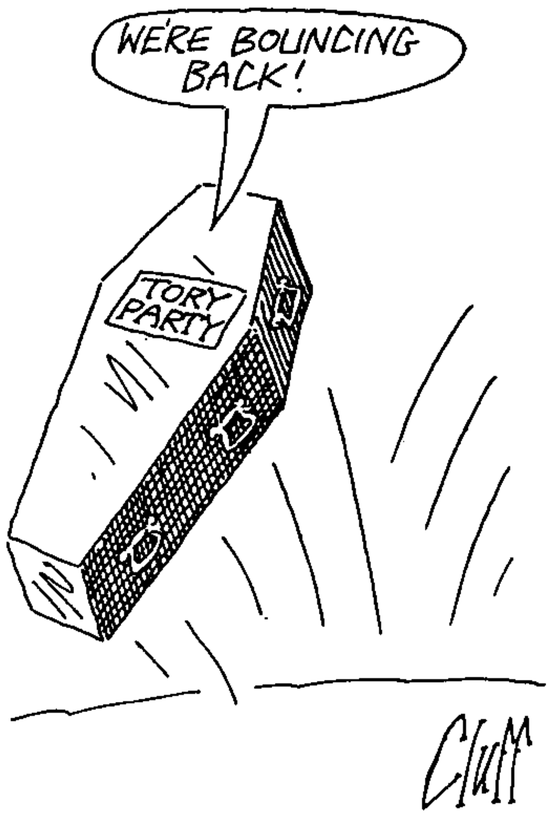
Tribune group MPs were not surprised at Beckett's high opinion of herself. A frisson went through their ranks when she told them at a private meeting in the presence of Blair and Prescott, "I led the party to victory in the local elections, in the by-elections and in the European elections. I am the most competent of the three candidates. I am the best known of the three. I am the most popular of the three."

The next day Tribune MPs nominated Tony Blair in droves.

WITH all eyes on Tony Blair, Labour's war against the Tories seems to have fizzled out.

Thus at 7pm on 23 June in an important debate on "opportunities for UK exporters" no Labour backbench MP was present in the chamber at all — something of a first.

Blair believes MPs are better off in front of their computers and talking to their advisers in offices rather than in expressing views in the Commons which are likely to be challenged. A new era clearly dawns...



ERNIE ROSS, Labour MP for Dundee West, faces tough questioning later this year over his conduct as chairman of the Labour Middle East Council (LMEC).

Earlier this year LMEC received an invitation from the League of Arab States to send an eight-person delegation on a fact-finding freebie to Syria, Lebanon, Jordan and PLO-controlled Palestine. The 10-day, all expenses paid trip took place over Whitsun recess. Several Labour MPs with a well-known interest in Arab affairs, when told that all the places had been taken up, were somewhat miffed to learn that this was not quite correct.

In addition to four MPs — Mike Watson, John Gunnell, Neil Gerard and John McAllion (Ross's fellow Dundee MP) — the delegation included Ernie Ross's son, Steven; Steven's girlfriend Nabila; Bridget Gilchrist, administrator of LMEC; and Martin Hughes, an LMEC volunteer. Nor was any notice given to the all-party groups attached to the countries concerned, all of which have Labour office-bearers.

The Syrian and Lebanese ambassadors were surprised when Andrew Faulds complained that half the delegates were not MPs and that Arabist MPs had expressed a desire to be included. Faulds and George Galloway, the MP for Glasgow Hillhead, have complained to Labour's chief whip to force Ross to answer questions about his eccentric selection procedure and are intending to bring the matter up at LMEC's agm in the autumn.

The whole affair is particularly galling for Galloway, who hails from the same Irish ghetto in Dundee as Ross and was instrumental in getting him nominated for the seat. Ross even went to the Commons for the first time in 1979 wearing a pair of Galloway's shoes since he had no salary until a month after he was elected.

AMAZING BUT TRUE

Andrew Boff, the Tories' Euro-candidate in London South Inner, won 25,859 votes on the strength of this thoughtful election address — which left him a mere 60,000 votes behind his Labour rival, Richard Balfe. As they say in South London: "Boff off!"

ATTEMPTS by Finchley Tory MP Hartley Booth to salvage his parliamentary career will not have been helped by the recent gong for the newly knighted Sir John Gorst, MP for the neighbouring seat of Hendon North.

The parliamentary Boundary Commission proposes to cut the number of seats in the borough of Barnet, where both are MPs, from four to three. Booth may have been pinning his hopes on Gorst, who has represented Hendon North for the last 24 years, graciously stepping aside to leave him, Hendon South MP John Marshall and Chipping Barnet's Sydney Chapman to divide the new constituencies between them.

That scenario is believed to be favoured by Tory party managers, but despite the sweetener of a gong Sir John has indicated he has absolutely no intention of retiring graciously and has recently been stepping up his profile in his constituency. "This does not presage anything as far as I am concerned. I want to carry on as long as my constituency and my electorate want me."

Which is bad news for Booth, whom one local Tory activist has described as being "dead in the water" when the jockeying for new constituencies begins early next year.

'Backbiter'

MAN IN THE EYE: BOB HORTON

WHEN Bob Horton left St Andrews University in 1957, he told his friends he was going to be chairman of BP or prime minister. He was, he assured them, more than brilliant enough for both.

One fawning colleague who believed every word he said, and has continued to do so ever since, was his most fervent admirer in the university, a young Tory politician and amateur conjuror, John MacGregor.

Horton rejected 10 Downing Street and chose BP. He quickly climbed the ladder by the time-honoured entrepreneurial tactic of sacking people. He sacked hundreds at BP Tankers; closed down 20 depots in BP Chemicals; and "impressed" businessmen in America by sacking pretty well the whole middle management in Standard Oil, Ohio.

In Ohio he earned the nickname which has stuck to him ever since: Hatchet Horton. When he got the BP chairman's job in 1990, he assured friends and City editors he would be in the job for many years (he was only 50) and intended to make sure there were precious few BP managers left by the time he'd finished.

He set about his task in the usual way, sacking middle managers and closing down offices. This time, probably because of the deep recession which Mr Horton didn't forecast or even seem to notice, the tactic didn't work so well. BP profits in the year he took over were £1.7 billion. After his first year of dynamic leadership, they were £415 million and falling.

Horton told his exasperated colleagues that dividends would have to be paid out anyway — even if the money had to be borrowed from BP reserves. As BP's problems grew, so did Horton's exuberant arrogance.

He went on firing middle managers (especially if they didn't have a trade union) with tremendous enthusiasm and panache, and couldn't understand it when the sacked managers started to circulate rude messages about him. He gave interviews to anyone who would flatter him, including *Forbes* magazine whose startled interviewers were told that he, Horton, had a better brain than most and so could understand things quicker.

Other BP directors were amazed at his transformation from an ordinary bullying Thatcherite boss into a full-scale Citizen Kane-style megalomaniac. Because he was chairman and chief executive, Horton assumed absolute power. His quick temper, especially when crossed, terrified and infuriated almost all his subordinates, who signalled in a thousand leaks to the business press that they had had enough.

When the board moved, it moved swiftly. Horton was cut down by unanimous resolution of his colleagues. Blustering and fuming, he was sacked — and paid the usual £1.5 million handshake. His was perhaps the most lamentable failure ever recorded in BP, and probably one of the biggest disaster stories in the whole history of British boardrooms. To the relief of everyone who worked with him (or was sacked by him) his career as a boss seemed over.

But there was always the second string to his ambition: politics, and his perennial friend and worshipper, John MacGregor. MacGregor, secretary of state for transport, needed a hatchet man to humiliate and sack railway workers on the new privatised railway. Who more qualified for the job than Hatchet Horton? Within a year of his extraordinary and peremptory sacking for arrogance and high-handedness in one of Britain's biggest boardrooms, Horton was promoted by his old university chum to run the railways. His performance at Railtrack — especially his insistence that he had not offered the signalmen what he had offered, and that if he had it was all the fault of someone else further down the line — is firmly in the tradition of his record at BP.

NOOKS and CORNERS

STIRLING Castle is one of the most powerful and potent of Scottish monuments. But not for long.

Just to the south is Bannockburn, where the English were soundly defeated by Robert the Bruce in 1314. Earlier, in 1297 at Stirling Bridge, the English had again been trounced by William Wallace, in whose memory an extraordinary baronial monument dominates the view to the north-east.

Stirling is the gateway to the Highlands, and the castle on its rock symbolises Scottish identity and independence. Its proud silhouette dominates the country for miles around, especially to the west. Those travelling on the M9 from the north have a magnificent view of it, glimpsed across open fields.

However, that romantically named regional authority, Central, has decided to built itself a business park "in the shadow of the castle" to the north-west. Travellers from the north will now be greeted by a telling symbol of the new Scotland: the Scotland that is trying to be the 51st state of the US of A: a land of out-of-town hypermarkets and roads — lots of roads.

As there are planners and planning laws and amenity societies and the Royal Fine Art Commission for Scotland, how could such a thing as this gratuitous Castle Business Park ever have happened? Simple: nobody noticed.

A development on this site was discreetly slipped into the region's structure plan. By the time anyone did notice, it was too late: Castle Business Park had been given outline planning permission by Stirling district council. And by the time concerned bodies had begun to take an interest, matters had reached a point of no-return as detailed planning permission had been discreetly given as well.

This was too much. Rumblings of discontent began to be heard and the Scottish Civic Trust wrote to the secretary of state for Scotland complaining that detailed planning consent had been rushed through despite the sensitivity of the site. Although told that the very idea of a business park in the shadow of Stirling Castle was not an issue for discussion, the Civic Trust asked for a meeting to be convened to discuss how the impact of this tawdry development could be minimised.

The answer of Central regional council — "Developing the Heart of Scotland" — was to maximise it. Its latest architects, the Hurd Rolland Partnership, propose buildings like Disneyland monasteries, sporting crossing towers with pitched roofs whose distinctive silhouette will contrast so excitingly with the craggy outline of the castle. And the secretary of state, after all, is unlikely to intervene against the wishes of Stirling's MP, Michael Forsyth, once Mrs Thatcher's darling and still the baldest and driest of the dries, despite being part of an endangered species in Scotland who would probably demolish the castle if market forces demanded it.

"Since the 13th century the towering ramparts of Stirling Castle have witnessed many significant events — none destined to be more influential than the ground-breaking Castle Business Park," announces the regional council in a newspaper advertisement proudly. "Soon Castle Business Park will be as much part of the local scene as the fortress which overlooks it..." All too true, I'm afraid. Poor Stirling. Poor Scotland.

THE OPINION of the secretary of state for Scotland is also eagerly awaited on the future of the former Burgh Hall, as Dumbarton district council wants to demolish it and, mercifully, local authorities are not allowed to grant themselves listed building consent to destroy listed buildings they actually own.

Unlike Stirling, poor Dumbarton has already been made fit for the future. Dumbarton Rock might, or might not, have been King Arthur's capital, but the town is ancient and interesting. New roads slammed through the urban fabric together with a new town centre of surpassing dreariness have, however, succeeded in rectifying this defect by removing plenty of buildings of character. The surviving old Burgh Hall and Library is, therefore, an affront. A gutsy piece of Victorian Gothic of 1865 and 1883 by William Leiper, a good Glasgow architect, it stands in Church Street, redundant and forlorn.

Just to the north stands the sheriff court. Courts are, of course, everywhere a growth industry and Dumbarton wishes to expand the accommodation for its judiciary. So the Burgh Hall must go. In fact, there are 15 different sites on which the sheriff court might expand and there is plenty of space around and behind Leiper's building. Besides, having already served as the Dumbarton Academy, a school of art, and offices, there seems no reason it cannot be converted into law courts. Indeed, it would look very well as a court.

So did Dumbarton district council undertake a study to see if the Burgh Hall could be converted before deciding to sweep it away to provide local builders and architects with employment? Of course not. It has much too much character to be allowed to survive.

'Piloti'

SALLY DEEDES

NORAH BIRD is a severe diabetic whose condition is not helped by stress. Thanks to the Sun Alliance insurance company, Mrs Bird has had plenty of stress for the last 11 years.

Over that time she has suffered three heart attacks and with the help of her son George has fought a negligence claim against Sun Alliance, a policy holder for Hamptons, the estate agents. "The company has been guilty of dragging its feet and using delaying tactics," says Mr Bird. "It is a miracle my mother is still alive."

In 1981 Mrs Bird employed a chartered surveyor from Hamptons to oversee the conversion of her home into flats, which she intended to rent out. The surveyor approved certificates for payment to builders, 75 of which were defective.

The "approved" work included no damp proof course in the basement; an RSJ with no support; lintels with only two-inch bearings; and drains so defective that Mrs Bird could only use the outside loo in the basement. She had to cook in spartan conditions two floors above where the taps were so near the wall they could not be turned on.

The cost of putting things right was estimated at £85,000, and the defects so gross that police investigated the builders for deception, taking 60 photographs of the mistakes and passing them on to Hamptons. Certainly the building was in no state to rent out.

The claim for negligence was made in 1983 and for four years no one from the Sun Alliance came near the property. At this year's agm, Sun Alliance chairman Sir Christopher Benson sought to explain the company's slowness. "They [Hamptons] tried to obtain from Mrs Bird the particulars of the claim but these were not provided." Oh no? The *Eye* has a copy of a letter dated September 1983 from Mrs Bird's solicitors, Cole and Cole of Oxford, to the Sun Alliance detailing the allegations made against the company and inviting it to inspect the property. The *Eye* also has a letter written in 1983 from Hamptons acknowledging receipt of the police photographs and telling Mrs Bird they had been forwarded to Sun Alliance.

Sir Christopher claimed all correspondence ceased until 1987 when Mrs Bird threatened a writ, but George Bird sent at least six letters, none of which received even an acknowledgment. It was not until the writ was threatened that Sun Alliance thought about inspecting the property.

It took a further four years, and pressure from the then local MP for Cheltenham, Sir Charles Irving, and the charity Age Concern, before Sun Alliance agreed a settlement of £100,000.

Mrs Bird is still living in her house, in which many of the defects remain since she cannot afford to repair them, much of the money having gone to her bank which helped fund the legal action. Nor does £100,000 give suitable recompense for 11 years of lost rent and 11 years of stress and misery for Mrs Bird.

UNTIL recently public lavatories in London's Westminster were cared for by attendants.

Now, however, instead of their reassuring presence the loos are guarded by machines with spikes which are unwilling to admit those of generous proportions. Worse, where once a couple of coppers in a saucer was appreciated by the attendant, entry is today forbidden to anyone lacking a 20p coin. In Westminster, of course, you could buy a cemetery for less!

TV

NYPD Blue
Northern Exposure
(both Channel 4)

POPULAR drama is the Bermuda Triangle of British television. Talented people enter, full of confidence and ideas, and bystanders wonder if this series will be the one to break the mould, the one to deliver the glowing reviews, the 10 million viewers and the nice shiny Bafta of every TV executive's dreams.

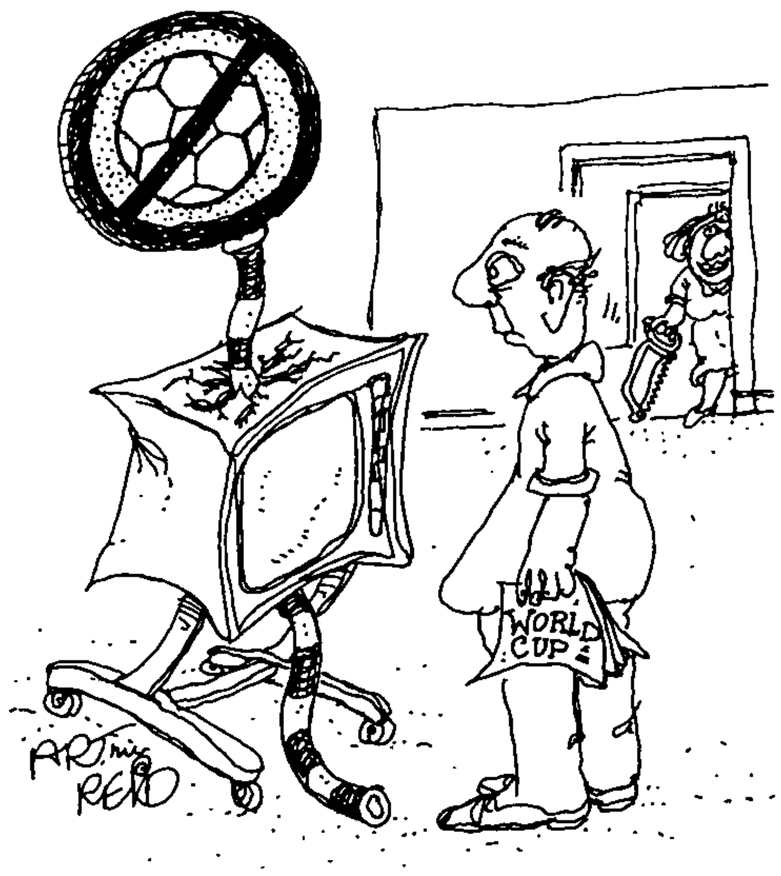
Nine months later the same talented people emerge from the Triangle exhausted and downcast, clutching videotapes of another 13-part turkey fated to be savaged by critics and watched only by a handful of absent-minded geriatrics who turned over from *Gardener's World* by mistake.

It's not just the BBC, although its record is notably disastrous. Look at Channel 4's *Little Napoleons*, or virtually anything by Carlton. We've lost the knack. We can't do it any more.

In America, of course, the stakes are even higher and over the years the failures have been even greater — so great in fact that the hour-long drama series has drifted out of fashion. Sitcoms and game shows are cheaper and more profitable, so everyone makes them instead. This has placed an entirely new pressure on drama TV producers — the pressure to make something *good*. Decades of producing *Hawaii Five O* and *Mannix* have not exactly accustomed them to such baroque notions, but to give them credit, they seem to be bearing up well. As ever, the best of the best turn up here on Channel 4.

NYPD Blue is the latest cop show from Steven Bochco (*Hill Street Blues, LA Law*), and is suitably gritty and realistic. Everyone in it could do with at least two baths, and any actor who turns up on set with an item of clothing that may have been ironed is presumably banished without a word.

Like Channel 4's earlier import, the impeccably boring *Homicide*, this is supposed to be the grittiest and most realistic cop show yet, which essentially means loads of



old plots from *Hill Street Blues* and a permanently shaky camera. Regular viewers find their heads begin to move in time with the camera shakes, for to stay still is to risk headaches, watery eyes and severe inner ear problems. It's the programme's most infuriating characteristic — pure modishness for the sake of it, or at least for the sake of good reviews from gullible critics.

Otherwise, the show conforms to the high standards of Bochco's previous endeavours, with strong characterisations and excellent performances, particularly from its stars David Caruso and Dennis Franz. At no stage does the viewer feel remotely patronised, which is more than the viewer of *Class Act* or *The Lifeboat* could ever claim to feel.

If anything *Northern Exposure*, now in its fourth season, carries off an even more difficult trick — whimsy without tears. Producers Joshua Brand and John Falsey were responsible for *St Elsewhere*, that most underrated and quietly daring of hospital series, and here the tone is similar — knowing, ironic but deadly serious at the same time and, astonishingly, almost completely unsentimental.

Just occasionally, a character can be slightly too quirky for its own good, but once again the casting is immaculate and the writing unusually subtle for American television. Perhaps even more astonishingly, the show gets away with an undertone of quiet mysticism that in less careful hands would turn millions of stomachs. There's no doubt that the relative strangeness of the location — a small town in Alaska — helps suspend one's disbelief, but it's cleverly done nonetheless.

So why can't British television produce anything so distinctive? With *The Riff Raff Element* it came close, but some uneven scripting in the second series and an audience of only 3.5 million put paid to that. The pitiful *Class Act*, meanwhile, regularly harvested 12 million viewers, a savage indictment of the education system and current investment in mental health care. Perhaps we only get the popular drama we actually deserve. Now that's a terrifying thought...

'Couch Potato'

MEDIA NEWS

WITHOUT even waiting for the government white paper on the BBC, John Birt's senior henchmen are already drawing up plans to privatise parts of the corporation.

Giles Coode-Adams, managing director of corporate finance at Lehman Brothers International, has been secretly commissioned to draw up a report "estimating the likely value of the BBC's Transmission Network, were it to be sold, in whole or in part".

Coode-Adams has been obliged to sign a confidentiality agreement, but the *Eye* has obtained a copy of the remit given to him by Rod Lynch, the BBC's "managing director, resources". Time is clearly of the essence: Coode-Adams was only given his brief on 13 June, but Lynch wants him to "present an initial response at a meeting on 1 July".

"The basic assumption," the document explains, "is that World Service transmission activities remain in BBC hands while Home Service transmission is privatised." Coode-Adams is asked to provide the corporation with "profiles and number of potential bidder/partners" and "likely financial returns to investors". Most lip-smackingly of all, he must also calculate "net proceeds likely from disposal", which will no doubt be spent on trebles all round.

WHILE terrestrial TV resorts to wall to wall sports and repeats, there's always BSkyB. As its remorseless advertising points out, it offers something different.

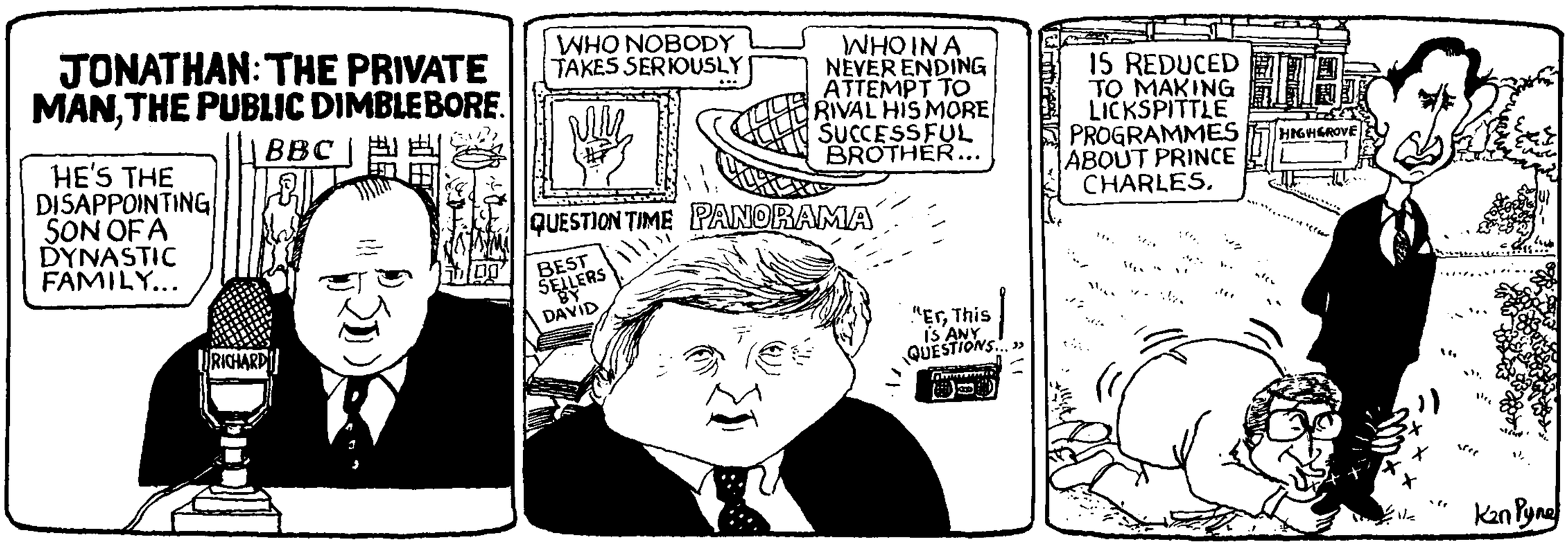
Take the subscription only services Sky Movies, The Movie Channel and Sky Movies Gold, which offer exciting Premieres heavily promoted in the listings guides — especially those published by Rupert Murdoch.

It isn't easy to track what Sky, or any of the satellite broadcasters, transmit because of frequent schedule changes. But over the two-month period until 1 July, a total of 163 different movies were listed as Premieres on the three BSkyB premium channels.

In May 81 were shown and (leaving aside two titles which were undated) the average year of production for these films was the not very recent, er, 1978. In June 82 films were listed (one undated) for transmission, this time with an average age (excluding the dateless movie) of 17 years.

Admittedly the bulk of the really ancient Premieres (including the 1937 black and white film *Captain Courageous* which popped up on 28 May) appeared on the Sky Movies Gold channel, somewhat distorting the figures. However, plenty of the Premieres listed for the other two channels came from the 1950s and 60s, with most (for example 3 June's Movie Channel Premiere, *Fancy Pants*, a Lucille Ball musical from 1950) having been shown previously on terrestrial television.

The most recent Premiere listed is the less than prestigious *Tonya and Nancy Story*, a cheapo cash-in on the ice skating feud, made for American TV and probably more what viewers to Sky One expect to have to suffer, rather than a feature film. Indeed, much of the material filling out the film channel's schedules is low grade, often specifically


JONATHAN: THE PRIVATE MAN, THE PUBLIC DIMBLEBORE.
BBC
HE'S THE DISAPPOINTING SON OF A DYNASTIC FAMILY...
RICHARD
WHO NOBODY TAKES SERIOUSLY...
WHO IN A NEVER ENDING ATTEMPT TO RIVAL HIS MORE SUCCESSFUL BROTHER...
QUESTION TIME
PANORAMA
BEST SELLERS BY DAVID
"Er, This is ANY QUESTIONS..."
IS REDUCED TO MAKING LICKSPITTLE PROGRAMMES ABOUT PRINCE CHARLES.
HIGHGROVE
Ken Pyne

made for TV, including poor quality children's animation. All in all lousy value and unlikely to fend off the increasing competition.

Interestingly, the Kingfisher retail group, which has promoted satellite dishes prominently through its Comet stores, has begun experimenting with video rentals in some of its Woolworth shops. Satellite TV was expected (by the *Sun*, *Today*, *The Times* etc) to supplant the much more up to date video sales and rental business — but things aren't going entirely to plan.

WHEN Chris Eubank, a not particularly super super-middleweight, visited his chum Mike Tyson, convicted rapist and former world boxing champion, before the latter's unsuccessful parole hearing, what did they talk about?

Perhaps Eubank discussed the massive £10 million, eight-fight exclusive contract he signed with Sky Sports in May — a contract which even Sky's in-house newspapers have been unable to work up much enthusiasm for given the pathetic nature of some of the opponents.

The fights kick off on 9 July at Olympia when a Brazilian called Mauricio Amaral will be the sacrificial victim (*Shurely "the challenging opponent"?*)

The other seven fighters lined up do not of course include America's super-middleweight champion James Toney, who is being desperately avoided for the simple reason that he'd easily beat Eubank and so screw up Sky's schedule. How much of this farce Sky subscribers will be prepared to tolerate remains to be seen, but the Eubank deal certainly represents Kelvin McKenzie's biggest gamble since he arrived at the satellite station.

McKenzie decided to drop heavyweight champ Lennox Lewis in favour of the monocled (and fairly moronic) Eubank. Alas, since that decision Lewis has continued to climb up through the ranks of the heavyweight division, and without avoiding too difficult opponents in the process.

Given that the Eubank farce cannot keep the ratings up for ever, McKenzie needs a bigger, more substantial attraction. With world champion Lennox Lewis alienated from Sky, the obvious draw would be Mike Tyson. Millions could be expected to tune in out of curiosity to see the rapist's first post-prison contest. Such a battle would also allow Sky to experiment with pay-per-view and keep the fast growing cable companies at bay, as well as allowing Murdoch to exploit his much vaunted synergy by co-ordinating coverage on Sky, the American Fox network, Asia's Star TV and, of course, newspaper tie-ins.

A tempting prospect — but completely out of the question. Leaving aside the O.J. case, the Murdoch press has been bitterly critical of paying convicted criminals purely to satisfy public demand. The BBC especially came in for scathing attacks after paying a few elderly gangsters to appear on the *Underworld* series, so any suggestion Eubank was putting in a good word for the Murdoch empire when he visited Tyson is completely outrageous.

WORLD OF INFERIORS (2)

MAYHEM and consternation erupted at the Grey Lubianka, Express Newspapers' HQ, when the last *Eye* hit the streets.

Lord Stevens, the group's chairman, was none too pleased to learn that "the *Sunday Express* South of France house" — on which advice had been sought from top designers and decorators — was in fact the newly-acquired holiday home of Sir Nick Lloyd and his wife Eve Pollard, editors of the *Daily* and *Sunday Express* respectively.

The Lloyds themselves — now known in the building as the Freelloyders — were no less furious. Sir Nick strutted around his office cursing the *Eye* and threatening to call upon Peter Carter-Fuck to sue us for libel. To this end a meeting was organised by the Express group's head of legal affairs, Justin Walford, with two solicitors from Carter-Fuck & Partners as well as Bollard's ever-loyal deputy editor, Charlie "Experienced" Golding.

They duly took evidence from the four hackettes who had been involved in the affair — Anna Stewart, Jenny Nisbet, Sophie Lance and Katie Bravery, aka "Charlie's Angels".

Carter-Fuck is not usually known for his reluctance to sue, but his two representatives — pausing only to collect their £10,000 fee — have now advised Stevens there is no case for issuing a writ against the *Eye*.

So what will Lord Stevens do? It has hitherto been assumed that, however disastrous the Lloyds were as editors, he couldn't sack them because of the enormous pay-off that would be required — roughly £1 million for the pair of them. But if Stevens overlooks La Bollard's antics, he may find that outraged shareholders put his own job in jeopardy. The financial institutions aren't blind to what's going on. If he doesn't act, he'll be out by Christmas.

Meanwhile, milady is her usual busy self. When the storm erupted two weeks ago La Bollard didn't allow it to prevent her attending Royal Ascot where she carried out her customary duties observing the ladies' fashions for BBC TV. Last Wednesday, after a strenuous few hours working at the newspaper she is supposed to edit, she flew off to Spain to visit her chums Joyce Hopkirk and Val Corbett, with whom she is trying to write a "blockbuster" novel.

Sir Nick, by contrast, has become uncharacteristically jittery. Soon after our last issue appeared he instructed the *Daily Express* showbiz desk to cancel the order for six free tickets for his son James and friends to attend the Glastonbury festival last weekend. More strangely still, he asked *Sunday Express* hackette Jenny Nisbet to come and remove some pots of paint which had "mysteriously" found their way into the boot of his Jaguar. The paint is now in the custody of legal wallah Justin Walford, presumably in case it is needed as evidence.

PS: In their hour of need, the Freelloyders do have at least one supporter. Last Wednesday's *Evening Standard* carried a bizarre piece by Stephen Glover praising them to the skies. The pisspoor quality of their papers, he explained, was no fault of theirs; it was all down to the stinginess of Lord Stevens. If Lloyd were to ask his chairman for "the resources to hire such 'big names' as Nigel Dempster," Glover claimed, Stevens "would say no".

This is balderdash: Stevens has himself tried personally to hire Dempster, but to no avail. Glover's insistence that the *Sunday Express* has been "kept on short rations" is also surprising given that Stevens allowed Bollard a 27 per cent increase in her editorial budget last year.

Why is the *Evening Standard* (prop: Associated Newspapers) so keen to keep the Lloyds in their jobs? Not, surely, because it knows that, as long as Eve and Sir Nick are at the helm, the *Daily Mail* and *Mail on Sunday* (prop: Associated Newspapers) will have no competition worth speaking of?

ORCADIAN NEWS

THE NAME Ian Leighton doesn't mean much outside Orkney, but to innocent families embroiled in the (non-existent) Satanic ritual abuse saga, he is a real bogeyman.

In February 1991, when social workers snatched Orkney children from their beds, Leighton was running a firm called Forensic Mental Health (formerly known as Independent Social Work), and taking an active interest in Satanic ritual abuse via the letters column of *Social Work Today*.

When the Orkney storm broke his offer of help was accepted by social workers without hesitation. He believed Satanic ritual abuse existed and was happening in Orkney.

Leighton was paid to train Orkney social workers in child protection, concentrating on identifying Satanic ritual abuse. His determination to prove the guilt of innocent families became legendary and, during Lord Clyde's inquiry, he twice dragged police and social workers round fields and quarries on South Ronaldsay (where the children lived) to follow up "tip-offs".

After McKnacker told Leighton he wouldn't be "looking for any more flying saucers on South Ronaldsay", Leighton was seen several times driving round alone and often without lights. By now a laughing stock, a group of islanders were rumoured to be phoning in fake tip-offs knowing that he'd turn up.

The 300 criticisms in Lord Clyde's report; Orkney Island Council's statement that families "must be afforded the presumption of innocence"; news that parents and children were to seek compensation; and his own sideways move from child care to advising on criminal justice in the social work department, proved too much.

He began telephoning parents of children who had been snatched, usually at two or three in the morning. One, a Mrs M, recorded the calls, which consisted largely of threats and abuse. And Andrew Fenton, secretary of the Orkney Seven Action Group which is campaigning for the release of children taken into care 3½ years ago, also got threatening calls, which he recorded.

Leighton was arrested, but not charged, having picked a fight with another member of one of the South Ronaldsay families in a Kirkwall hotel. All of which culminated in his being flown to the mainland (with a social worker) and taken to his home town, Carlisle, where he was committed to a psychiatric unit for nearly a week.

PS: The department that employed Leighton as a consultant is still responsible for the care of five children whose rights have been ignored for 3½ years.

PPS: Lord McKay continues to reassure all who ask about these children that events in Orkney have been handled with the utmost propriety. Of course.

I-BSkyB

● BOTH the BBC and ITV are guilty of overkill. I wouldn't mind but most sports fanatics are out at the pub between 6pm and 11.30pm and would not really appreciate early evening viewing.
I'm just glad I have Sky TV.

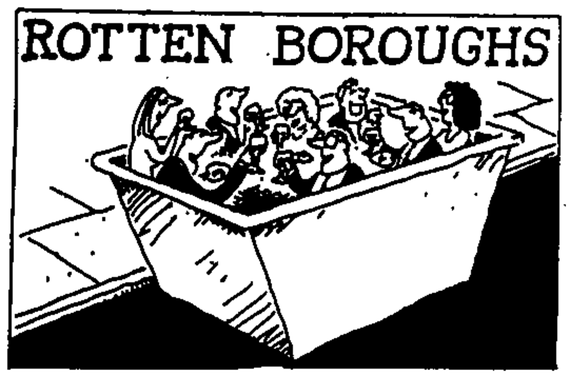
G. SNIDE
Letter in the Sun

☐ WHY do ITV give up after 9pm on Saturday nights? Their "big" movie The Enforcer was on Sky Movies Gold just days before.
What a great argument for satellite.

GARRY BUSHELL
The Sun

CONTRIBUTORS: Paul Brian, Stevie Burns.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.



LAMBETH

WITH THE three major parties still unable to decide who should lead loony Lambeth, chief executive Henry Gilbey is OD-ing on his new unrestrained power.

Sadly for impoverished locals with the biggest municipal debt in Britain, Gilbey has concentrated his efforts on nothing more important than closing the social club in the town hall basement. The club had forgotten to renew its drinks licence but, despite being awarded a temporary licence after being forced to close for a few days, council officers are to urge magistrates not to renew its licence permanently when the bench next considers the application.

The loss of the club will be a big blow for Lambeth conspirators. Since the days of Red Ted Knight, when the cafe introduced the world to the radical-feminist ploughperson's lunch (*sic*), dodgy councillors and bolshie trade unions have bent the ear of impressionable council officers within its worthy walls. Funnily enough, the club treasurer who is being blamed for forgetting to submit the new licence application in time is none other than ex-council leader Ted Knight.

Meanwhile, Lambeth continues to jeopardise the £187 million City Challenge Project the government awarded it to patch up the worst of the borough's depressed urban landscapes. As reported last issue, civil servants trying to ensure that Lambeth meets its (minimal) bureaucratic requirements in spending the money are in despair over Lambeth's inability to choose a new council leadership team and spend the £7.5 million allotted for the first year.

Yet instead of trying to convince ministers that Lambeth can handle the funds competently, the council-run City Challenge company's chief executive, Bernadette Marjoram, is trying to co-opt former Labour leader Steve Whaley on to the board.

Whaley, who lost his council seat last May when he was beaten at the polls, was in charge when Lambeth ran up the bulk of its £235 million in unpaid rent, rates and poll tax. Indeed, during his stewardship Lambeth's poll tax collection rate dropped to 48.4 per cent (even nearby Southwark collects 73 per cent). Why should ministers think £187 million of City Challenge money can be spent properly with Whaley on board?

GLASGOW

WITH touching concern for the city's appalling unemployment figures, Glasgow council's parks and recreation department recently advertised for 30 trainee arboriculturists.

To make it easier for the hard-drinking, razor-wielding locals to secure gainful employment, no academic qualifications were demanded by the Labour-run authority. Hundreds of young jobless from across the Scottish lowlands applied — only to discover that a precondition of gaining a four-year apprenticeship was residency within the Glasgow city boundaries.

Strangely, Glasgow's parks and recreation director, former swimming champion Bernard Connolly, commutes daily from his luxurious home in, er, Edinburgh, 50 miles away. And Connolly's superior, chief executive Tim Monaghan, also lives outside the city. All in all roughly half Glasgow's senior directors pay their poll tax to another authority.

MALVERN HILLS

HAVING turned charming villages like Howarth into tasteless heritage theme parks, the tourism lobby is about to pull off another coup in the rolling Malvern Hills where composer Edward Elgar lived and worked.

A trust involving Lord (Yehudi) Menuhin, Nigel Kennedy and Elgar's descendants want to renovate Lawnside, a disused girls' school in Malvern where one of the composer's pianos is stored, and turn it into the Elgar Centre for English Music (ECEM). However, the local district council, Malvern Hills, has more ambitious plans. It is allowing the Elgar Foundation, a trust set up after the composer's death but which involves none of Elgar's descendants, to build an ungainly Elgar Visitors Centre next to the cottage where the composer was born in Broadheath, 11 miles from Malvern.

Opponents claim the new centre will swamp the composer's popular birthplace cottage to which he regularly returned for inspiration throughout his life. Not only is the proposed structure five times the size of the cottage, but plans reveal it would be accompanied by a large loading "access" area and car park attracting even more vehicles to clog up the small country lanes.

Malvern Hills council's negligible opposition to the scheme has upset locals who feel the council is more interested in milking every last drop of possible revenue out of a new dynamic Elgar "Heritage Trail" — with litter-dropping day-trippers sifting through Elgar "fayre" in classical theme "shoppes" — than protecting the Malvern Hills' rural charm.

BENT

THE TORIES' precarious hold on power in barmy Brent is threatened by news that recently-deposed deputy leader John Warren is being accused of electoral malpractice in his Chamberlayne ward, Neasden.

A petition lodged in the high court alleges that Warren persuaded a housebound (Labour) voter to sign for a proxy vote when she thought she was signing for a postal vote. On election day the incapacitated elector's proxy vote was cast by sitting Tory councillor and education chair Elizabeth Ormiston. Warren and a Labour opponent won the two available seats while Ormiston and another Labour candidate lost — just 136 votes separated all four candidates in Chamberlayne — while across the borough the Tories took 33 seats, as many as Labour and the Liberal Democrats combined.

Only a cynic would suggest that the respected Tory education chief cast the proxy vote against the wishes of the housebound voter. But if the high court decides malpractice took place and another election is due, Neasden voters are unlikely to look too kindly on the party accused of fixing votes. A swing of just one seat to Labour, the party likely to profit from a by-election, would end the Tory rule.

DOWN ON THE FARM

EVERYONE knows nitrates in drinking water are a "bad thing" causing increased levels of stomach cancer and turning new-born babies blue. How fortunate, then, that caring Brussels bureaucrats have produced a law to control them: EC Directive 91/676, aka the "nitrate directive".

Using this law they will "clean-up" the water industry at the bargain price of £400 million, a mere £15-£20 on domestic water bills. Now it is the farmers' turn for this tender loving care. To bring them into line, our prescient ministry of agriculture (MAFF) is to implement the EC law by "designating" what will be known as "Nitrate Vulnerable Zones" or NVZs.

Once the zones are established, kindly MAFF officials will "guide" chosen farmers on what they can do to reduce the nitrates running off their land. And it will only cost those lucky individuals a mere few hundred million pounds — with not a hint of a subsidy, a small price to pay for such devoted attention.

But farmers flocking to "roadshows" run by the National Farmers' Union (NFU) to explain the policy seem to be singularly unimpressed by this attempt to save the world from their depredations. One minor query troubling these ungrateful coves is why the EC is limiting nitrates to a *maximum* of 50 parts per million, over which level NVZs will be designated. They wonder why the World Health Organisation (WHO) seems to be content with farmers *averaging* the same level, permitting occasional higher peaks.

The way the EC limit is set brings in 1.6 million acres into the NVZ scheme, but using WHO criteria could halve the acreage. Farmers should therefore be thanking the EC for increasing their chances of having their land turned into gleaming "eco-friendly" NVZs. Surely they do not want to deprive MAFF officials of the opportunity of telling them how to run their farms?

But, with the lack of perspective which typifies the agricultural community, some farmers have suggested that since the toxic level for nitrates is in the order of 15,000 parts per million — some three thousand times the EC limit — the directive might be *slightly* over the top.

Quite unreasonably, they point out that the last "blue baby" was recorded in 1972 and that the best medical evidence seems to indicate that, far from causing stomach cancer, nitrates in water seem to protect people from an illness which, in any event, has fallen by half since the war. With this reckless concern for the facts, they have even suggested that there might not be any need for NVZs at all, and that the money might be better spent on curing real health problems like lead in water.

The NFU has compounded the offence by quoting research evidence which shows the bulk of nitrates getting into the water supply may not even come from farming. Air pollution produced by cars and power stations, and run-off of de-icing chemicals from civil and military runways, may be more important.

Not content with questioning the right of every citizen to pollute the environment, thoughtfully permitted by the new law, the NFU has even had the gall to question the wisdom of the government's rotational "set-aside" policy. This requires its members to plough up fallow land every autumn, thus releasing unused nitrates into the water supplies. How silly it is for the NFU to suggest that this might be increasing the supposed problem when it claims there isn't a problem anyway.

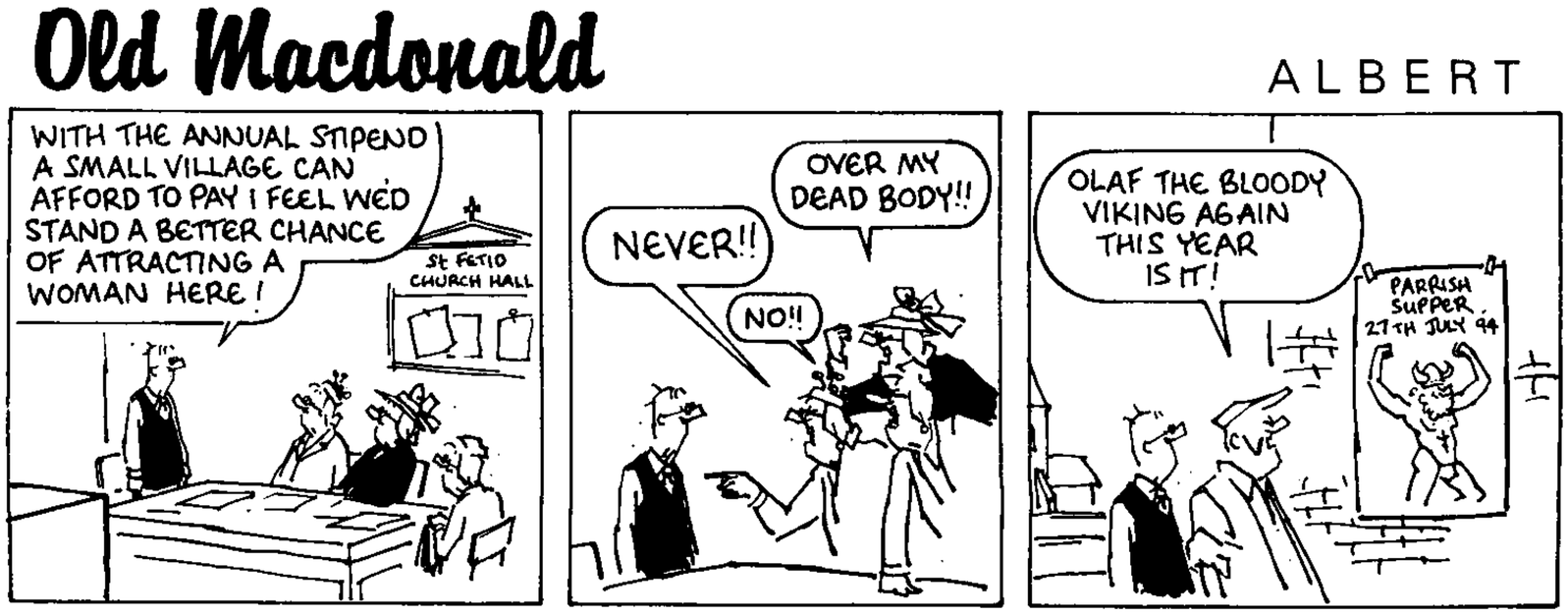
Curiously supportive of the brave new "nitrate-free" world, however, is the Agricultural Development and Advisory Service (ADAS), which until recently was a branch of MAFF. Now out in the cold as a supposedly independent agency, it has to pay its keep by selling over-priced consultancy to farmers.

Having fallen short of its revenue targets, does ADAS's enthusiasm for NVZs stem from a new contract given to it by MAFF? For an undisclosed sum its "advisers" are to carry out the initial work of touring farms in the NVZs, offering "free" advice on changes needed to meet the new rules.

Would it be too ungallant to suggest the real reason for implementing the NVZ policy — which has no economic or public health justification — is to bail out a failing ADAS?

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald


WITH THE ANNUAL STIPEND A SMALL VILLAGE CAN AFFORD TO PAY I FEEL WE'D STAND A BETTER CHANCE OF ATTRACTING A WOMAN HERE!
St FETID CHURCH HALL
NEVER!!
OVER MY DEAD BODY!!
NO!!
ALBERT
OLAF THE BLOODY VIKING AGAIN THIS YEAR IS IT!
PARISH SUPPER 27TH JULY 94

DOING THE ROUNDS

ANDOVER GP Alan Hamilton has claimed that his advice about a patient with necrotising fasciitis was ignored by staff at the Royal Hampshire county hospital.

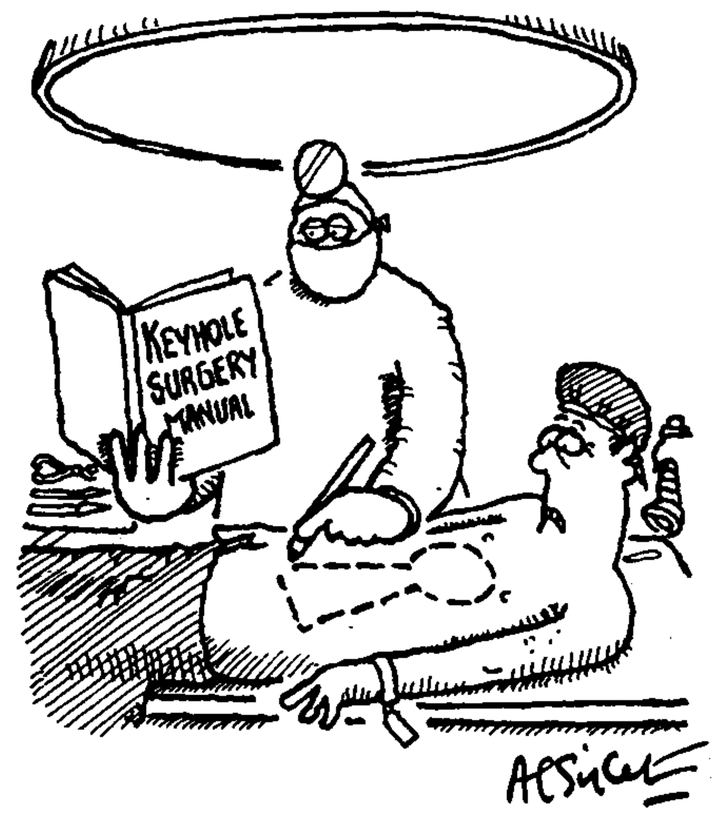
Despite written and verbal messages advising antibiotics, 57-year-old Jim Anderson was told he had a frozen shoulder and sent home with analgesics. He died 12 hours later. As Dr Hamilton said: "I don't think there is any doubt he would have lived had he been given appropriate antibiotics at an early stage."

● Two consultants at the financially challenged **Bradford Hospitals NHS trust** have written to local GPs about the staffing crisis in child and adolescent psychiatry.

"Our waiting list is increasing daily and we now feel that many of the referrals could have to wait a year or more to be seen. We have therefore decided to close the waiting list and we will not be accepting any more routine referrals until further notice. We appreciate that this will create difficulties for you and for the children and families of Bradford..."

But the trust has found money for extra ophthalmology clinics for patients of fundholding GPs (*Eyes passim*).

● MANAGERS at **Eastbourne NHS trust** have been taking their financial ineptitude out on junior doctors. Two months ago, room and flat rental was raised by up to 50 percent, a surcharge was introduced for phones over and above the BT rate and staff on call were charged for car parking. Now



doctors are to be stung for a down payment on their white coats and bleeps. As personnel director Colin Bowler put it: "We are being squeezed by purchasers so we have to find other ways of releasing money."

● DR Helen Zeitlin, the consultant haematologist reinstated to her post at **Redditch's Alexandra hospital** after unfair suspension (*Eyes passim*), is seeking early retirement because life has been made "intolerable" by management and some staff since her return to work. Dr Zeitlin was welcomed back with an internal investigation into what the hospital termed "a professional matter". This was stopped after BMA intervention, but Dr Zeitlin has decided not to continue "the unending battle to keep my job."

● IN IMPOVERISHED rural **Powys**, the only county without a district general hospital, neighbouring **Nevill Hall hospital** has told GPs their routine patients will not be admitted because "Powys DHA hasn't paid its bills." With ten months of the financial year still to go, finance director Tom Jones has decreed that non-urgent patients must wait 11 months for an operation even if a bed is available. The cash will apparently then miraculously appear to beat the government's "Patients' Charter one year deadline". One GP described the outlook as "extremely bleak".

● **HUMBERSIDE Ambulance Services NHS trust** has been going through a sticky patch. Chief executive Paul Kirkman resigned due to ill-health shortly after senior ambulance officers passed a vote of no confidence in him. Mr Kirkman imposed changes in working conditions on staff, including a £1 an hour pay cut, and a two-page document containing serious allegations of mismanagement against the trust has been passed on to his temporary successor, Trevor Molton. Dave Grey, director of operations, is currently suspended from duty, as is senior transport manager Mr Pih.

● **SHEFFIELD'S district health authority** is planning the closure of one of the city's two casualty departments. With both open, the waiting time for treatment at the **Royal Hallamshire hospital** on 17 June was a not untypical seven hours.

● **BIRMINGHAM Children's hospital** has opened a new £1.1 million cancer unit, doubling its capacity to 28 beds. Unfortunately, **South Birmingham health authority** plans to close the hospital in two years and relocate to the **General Hospital** site.

● THE BMA's junior doctors' committee is seeking legislation to reduce their hours following the dismal failure of Mrs Bottomley's *New Deal*. The target is for no junior doctor to work more than 56 hours a week by the end of this year. Many are still topping 90.

● **CHERTSEY'S St Peter's hospital** is recalling more than 200 women for cervical smears after it was found that a lab technician had been misreading the results for the last three years. Two patients wrongly cleared of the disease were subsequently found to have cancerous cells.

EMBARRASSING STATISTICS

LAST YEAR, **South West Thames RHA** imposed £18.3 million cuts on Wandsworth borough, forcing the closure of the casualty unit and acute beds at **Queen Mary's hospital, Roehampton**. An independent review has now revealed that the region's funding calculations were completely wrong and the borough instead needs £14 million.

● IN **south-east London**, a study of 111 GPs has revealed that a quarter of requests for emergency admissions of elderly patients were refused due to bed shortages. Mrs Bottomley plans to reduce the number of beds by another 50 percent by the year 2,000.

● MORE than 17,000 nurse and student nurse jobs were cut in London and the South East between 1988 and 1992, more than three times the number claimed by junior health minister Tom Sackville.

● MORE than 10,000 patients with schizophrenia are not registered with a GP and, for those who are, only a small percentage of the GPs have any psychiatric training. There has also been a 20 percent cut in psychiatric beds despite a steady increase in compulsory admissions, forcing patients to be discharged into the community earlier than expected.

● AT **St Cadoc's hospital, Caerleon**, 22 nurses responsible for the care of severely ill, long-stay psychiatric patients have been "invited" to compete for jobs elsewhere in **Gwent** as their ward is to close. As one nurse put it: "The psychiatric service is falling apart. It is wrong. People are not going to get the care they need."

M.D.

SITUATIONS VACANT

A MYSTERIOUS Romanian firm, Unicorp International SRL, has been advertising job vacancies in the *Manchester Evening News* and announcing the opening of a regional sales office in that once-great textile city to supply "large mail order and retail chain store customers".

Curiously, candidates were given only one way to get in touch with their prospective employer, who claims he will be sending to Manchester "a large volume of very competitively priced ladies jackets, skirts, suits, dresses, trousers and blousons". They were asked to "send full details and CV by letter to Mr E Ciobanescu, Unicorp International SRL, 16 Arinii Dornei Str, Block 14, APT 50, Bucharest 6, Romania".

The *Eye* can reveal that the firm behind this offer of new jobs for Mancunians is controlled from Liechtenstein by a man who lives in a mews house near Hyde Park.

Unicorp is run by Nigel Guinle, a man who once worked for Manchester textile importers and managed the import firm Rindalbourne, which crashed in 1990 owing £11 million to six banks, £177,000 to the Roger Levitt Group and further sums to Manchester firms, John Holden & Son (Kearsley) Ltd, and J Crowe (Trimmings) Ltd. Ex-prime minister Lord (Harold) Wilson and ex-Labour MP, Lord Whaddon, formerly Derek Page, resigned from the board of Rindalbourne 10 days before it folded (see *Eye* 844).

Nigel Guinle and his brother Tony founded a Romanian business called Camargo two years ago, which they own jointly with Constantin Christescu, a former Securitate secret police colonel. But Camargo's two-year Romanian tax exemption expires in June. So Unicorp, the tax exempt firm advertising jobs for Manchester people in the *Manchester Evening News*, arrives as a new business on a fresh two-year Romanian tax holiday, owned by a new Liechtenstein parent, Credo Commercial Establishment, and apparently quite free of both Romanian and British taxation.

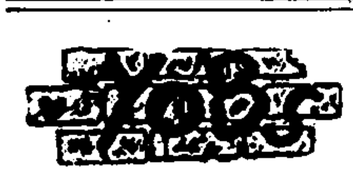
The only British-based part of the Guinle organisation remains the £100 company Champbridge Ltd, whose directors are Lord Whaddon and Morris Joseph of New Wanstead.

Mr Joseph is a former manager at City Merchants Bank. City Merchants Bank was owed £350,000 by Mr Guinle's crashed Rindalbourne company.

COAL NEWS

HAVING made most of its employees ex-employees, British Coal is now moving into the leisure industry — presumably to give jobless miners something to do with their time.

British Coal's property arm has spent £1.7 million on creating new golfing centres on old slag heaps next to closed pits. In recognition of his role in championing miners' rights, Roy Lynk, former leader of the Union of Democratic Mineworkers, has been made honorary president of British Coal's spanking new Hucknall golf course near Mansfield.



HUSBAND

Look, that guys nicked something from that house, get him!
Hand it over!
Ok, I don't want no trouble. Here take it back,
Take it back, you're Jokin'! We'll get £50 for this at the 'Dog and Ferret'

Letters

Police sell

Sir,

I write to you as the officer of the Metropolitan police service in south-east London and to express my dismay at your recent articles which imply that Detective Sergeant Crowley of Plumstead police station may have acted improperly in the investigations of the murders of Stephen Lawrence and Rolan Adams in 1993 and 1991 respectively.

In view of the seriousness of what was being implied I have caused the matters to be investigated by an independent senior officer.

No information has emerged to suggest that the officer's actions in each case were anything other than professional.

If you have any information or evidence to suggest the contrary I would be grateful to receive it at the earliest opportunity.

You may wish to consider if the publication of speculative or misleading information is in the interests of either the community or the on-going investigation into Stephen Lawrence's murder.

Yours sincerely,
IAN JOHNSTON,
Assistant Commissioner, Metropolitan Police.

Through the Scotch mist

Sir,

The writer of the piece on the Chinook disaster ("World of Spies", EYE 848) has seriously weakened his theory as to the helicopter's destination by an elementary blunder — confusing the Mull of Kintyre, where the crash happened, with the Isle of Mull.

If by what he calls "the normal route" from Aldergrove to Inverness he means the most direct route it would cross the Mull of Kintyre, though not the Isle of Mull. True, if followed exactly it would also pass over, or near, some of the highest summits in Scotland, not an inviting prospect in dodgy weather. But a diversion following the coast north from Kintyre to the Firth of Lorn and Loch Linnhe, then straight along the Great Glen to Inverness, would be quite a lot easier and all of it could be flown at a height below 1,000 feet. For all we know this may have been the pilot's intention.

This does not of course entirely rule out the Machrihanish base, a few miles north of the crash site, as a possible destination. But it leaves Inverness as a perfectly feasible one.

Yours etc,
MAX GREGORY,
Chipping Norton, Oxon.

● ***Many thanks to the two million other readers who wrote in to point this out. – Acting Ed.***

Lookalike

Paxman

Butt-head

Sir,

Do you suppose the creators of the controversial American cartoon character Butt-head were inspired by NEWSNIGHT*'s Jeremy Paxman? The superficial resemblance is quite striking, although of course one of these is a witty and celebrated social commentator while the other is a vicious, snarling, hate figure.*

Yours etc,
MICHAEL MULLAN,
Portstewart, Co. Derry.

Pizza prosthetics

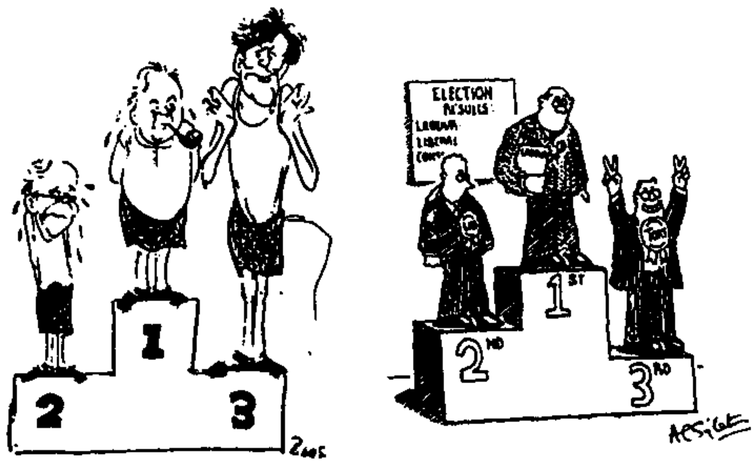
Sir,

The soft-porn movie to which you refer in Street of Shame (848) starring one Antonia de Sancha was not, as you report, about a one-legged pizza delivery man (which would have made his job somewhat difficult). It was Antonia who was supposed to have a false leg which, however, did not prevent her from waving both legs in the air in the vital scene.

As the husband, I am still waiting for my copy of the video in payment for my role — surely a small price to pay for a film that is still being talked about some three years after it was made.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN HEMMING-CLARK,
Chislehurst, Kent.

Graphic detail



Sir,

I wonder if any of your readers who were entertained by the cartoon on page 5 of EYE *848 can remember the Papas cartoon from the (then)* MANCHESTER GUARDIAN *shortly after the 1964 general election? Are these cartoons by any chance related? I think we should be told.*

More power to your esteemed organ.

TIM MARSHALL,
Birmingham.

Bio degrading

Sir,

How I agree with New Muckspreader's comments on biodiesel. We worked on these products back in the late 50s — I did an R&D job on methyl rapate (as we called biodiesel then) made from rapeseed oil, and its use as a chemical intermediate, but we never considered it as a motor fuel for two very good reasons: it was far too expensive; and because of its fatty structure it would prove to be a really sooty "stinkaroo" — pretty well guaranteed to knock the guts out of your engine after a few thousand (or was it hundred?) miles and pollute the neighbourhood.

Perhaps New Muckspreader could ask Maff/Cargill/the motor industry to come up with some accurate performance data, engine survival rate, exhaust emission analyses, etc, just in case this is another expensive white (or is it green?) elephant for the poor taxpayer to settle — say 20 per cent VAT? He could also ask Maff what happens if (when?) the EC changes, withdraws or otherwise pulls the rug from under its set-aside subsidies, or the whole CAP cock-up collapses like the house of cards it is.

I think we should be told before anyone drops us all in the shit.

Yours truly,
CYRIL MALYAN,
Streatham, London.

Over dramatised

Sir,

It is bollocks to say that the decline of ITV drama is somehow paralleled by a decline in Jack Rosenthal's writing. Square Eyes has conveniently neglected BYE BYE BABY, *the conclusion of Rosenthal's autobiographical trilogy, which Channel 4 first showed in November 1992. It won the Prix Europa that year, and the Writers Guild award in 1993.*

If Jack Rosenthal is in decline, I wish our other writers would reach the same nadir.

Best regards,
JACK LECHNER,
Assistant Editor, Drama, C4 Television.

Tip off

Sir,

I am amazed that no one has so far pointed out the fundamental fallacy in Slicker's criticism of Jim Slater for "not taking into account dealing costs" of around 5 percent, when comparing the performance of Slater's tips against the FTSE all share index.

Dealing costs, as Slicker is surely aware, are incurred on any stock market investments — not just on Slater's tipped ones. They consist of the difference between the buying and selling prices of the share (usually around 1-3 percent); the broker's commission for buying and selling the share (usually 1 percent minimum for each transaction); and stamp duty of 0.5 percent on purchase of shares.

None of these costs is avoidable to the ordinary punter, and when commentators say the stock market rose by X per cent over a given period, they do NOT mean that it rose by that amount "after dealing costs are taken into account"!

Furthermore, Slicker's comments that Slater's figures are "greatly boosted by the more than doubled price of Flextech" are, quite simply, disingenuous. Slater tipped Flextech, didn't he? (No doubt, if the worst loser in Slater's list were eliminated, the figures would look substantially better, but that would be just as dishonest as eliminating Flextech.) Believe it or not, there are very few share portfolios that consist only of winners (if it were that easy, we'd all be millionaires); the key is to gain more than you lose, and even on Slicker's distorted figures, Slater's tips achieve that.

While I hold no brief for Slater (I have never even read his column in the INDEPENDENT*), it is disappointing that your so-called "expert" on the City is evidently so ignorant or malevolent (or both) about such elementary matters as dealing costs. I certainly hope his coverage of Slater's tips is not indicative of his overall level of knowledge and accuracy of City matters!*

Sincerely,
JAMES GAUSSEN,
Guildford, Surrey.

Good Deedes

Sir,

Re: Sally Deedes on Munden Case.

On behalf of my husband and myself I would like to thank the many readers who have taken the time and trouble to write to us expressing their support and offering their assistance over my husband's recent court case. It is comforting to know that we are not the only people to have suffered in this way and that we are believed. It has proved impossible to reply to each individual letter so please accept this letter as a sign of our appreciation for your continued support in very trying circumstances.

Yours sincerely,
L.S. MUNDEN (Mrs),
Newmarket.

Raising the roof

Sir,

*I was so intrigued to read of Mark Featherstone-Whitty's recent conversion to "the dreary business of factual accuracy" (*EYE *847) that I feel morally impelled to add a few facts of my own:*

● *Paul McCartney may be LIPA's largest private donor but the lion's share (some £9 million) is coming from public funds.*

● *The scheme did indeed obtain planning permission. However, the manner in which this was achieved caused so much local resentment that the matter is now being investigated by the ombudsman!*

● *Whether we call the top floor an "air handling plant" or a penthouse, the new extension will be four storeys in height; I have just counted them from my front room window.*

● *It is quite clear, since the demolition of the gym, that much of the required car parking could have been provided at the front of the building leaving ample space at the rear for the new buildings. Despite this suggestion from the council's own heritage bureau and local residents, alternative designs were rejected by the LIPA team.*

Yours truthfully,
MIKE KEATING,
Whinger in chief, Mount St Residents Association.

I-SPY

Blindly Heath, Surrey

Submitted by Valmai Goodyear, John Shaw, Trevor Townsend. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Dublin

Cheek

Sir,

We have over the years become experts at turning the other cheek when under inaccurate fire from PRIVATE EYE.

But the article under the heading "World of Inferiors" in your last issue is a cheek too far.

For the record your allegation that we have asked for and received fittings or furnishings or special advice in return for plugs in the SUNDAY EXPRESS *is a lie. The journalists directly involved with the "Warming to White" (*SUNDAY EXPRESS, *12 June 1994) corroborate this.*

Any checks at all with the companies and suppliers you listed would have revealed that you were wrong and your allegations were without foundation. Had you bothered to honour a fundamental principle of journalism — standing up a story by contacting the key participants involved — you would have found out the truth.

The "pantechnicon" mentioned in your article was our builder's truck. The builder's involvement was to put in a new window, otherwise there have been no changes to our three-bedroomed French holiday home which remains exactly as we bought it. There has been no decorating of any kind.

There are several other untrue assertions in your article. We ask you to publish this letter in its entirety without further comment so that the record can be set straight.

Yours sincerely,
SIR NICHOLAS LLOYD
& EVE POLLARD,
DAILY EXPRESS, London SE1.

Stations of the cross

Sir,

"Many people in Norfolk no longer have the luxury of access to a rail service," claims David McIntosh (848). Yeah, there and many other parts of the country, because prats like McIntosh have been running down the rail network for years.

McIntosh apparently sees nothing odd in his being unable to provide a station with more than 40 percent of the rail service it enjoyed in 1923, despite the staggering advances in productivity and cost-effectiveness achieved on the railways since then through such things as replacing steam trains with railbuses and de-manning stations.

The process which Spooner Row is undergoing is known as "closure by stealth": cut the services, drive away the passengers, so closure of the residual service won't attract any objections or inconvenient public inquiries! With railwaymen like Mr McIntosh, who needs Tory privatisation?

Yours sincerely,
ANDREW McCRACKEN,
Grantown-on-Spey.

Right down

Sir,

Tell "Cyclops" I have invented a clue which he may like to include in one of his crosswords: Dreadful male liar and media supremo right up her (8,8).

The answer, of course, is "Mariella Frostrup".

Yours faithfully,
R.P.C. PLOWDEN,
London W2.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"Actually, none of the players are wearing earrings; Kjeldberg, with his contact lenses, is the closest we can get."
JOHN MOTSON, BBC
(David Bradshaw)

"We see them [Italy] playing on Sunday morning TV most days of the week."
JACK CHARLTON, ITV
(Dr Peter Rowan)

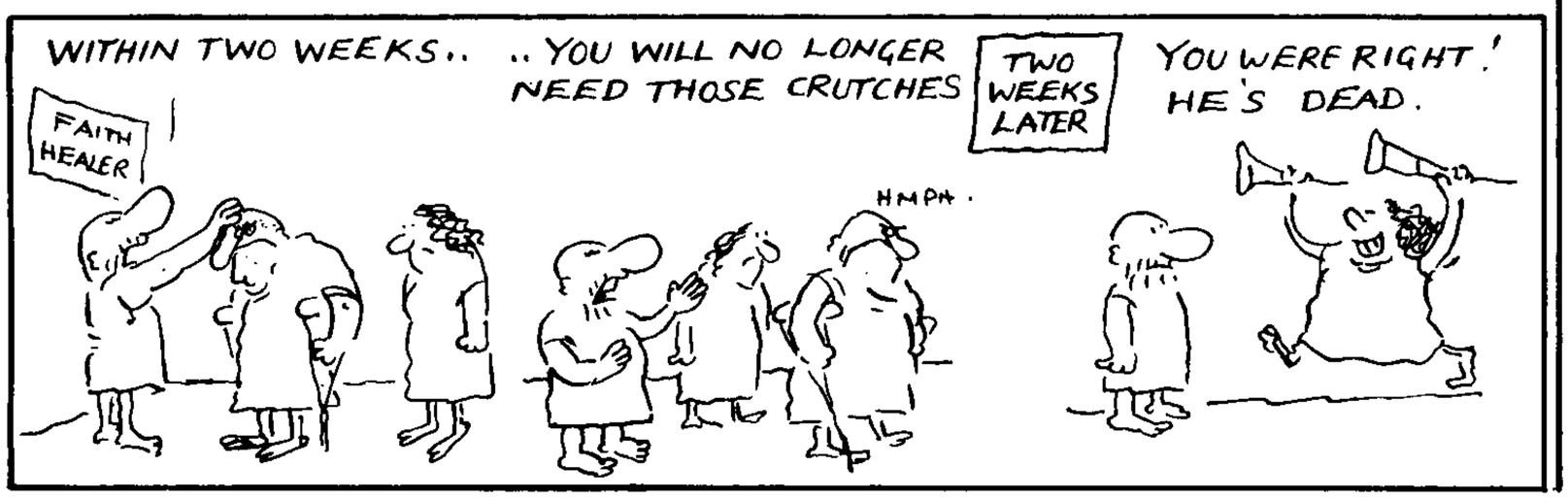
"Nigeria... very much the dark horses of this tournament."
ROB BAILEY, Radio 5 Live
(Nigel Poole)

"They're still in the game and they're trying to get back into it."
JIMMY HILL, BBC
(John Morris)

Christopher Martin-Jenkins: *The New Zealand bowling has been better this morning.*
Trevor Bailey: *One reason is that they bowled better.*
Radio 4
(Gerry Doherty)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN



Letter From **Jericho**

from Our Own Correspondent

THE WALLS of Jericho are bursting following an influx of the good, the bad and the over made up after the Oslo accord.

Their arrival has made a Klondike of this ancient hamlet, doubling the population of 20,000, multiplying rents and prices and bringing profitable chaos to a sleepy town in the Jordan Valley which sits at the lowest point on earth.

But all that comes with the gold rush does not glister. Our streets are full of raven-haired temptresses from the global village of television, strutting in the midday sun (110°F). "Let's do lunch," they say insincerely, heading for one of the town's three open air canteens which buzz with flies and whose latrines overflow. "I'll have my people call your people," they say hopelessly, there being few telephones in working order, and a waiting list of four years for a new line.

Linen-suited Eurocrats and Ivy Leaguers with calculators prattle on about "structural adjustment" to returning Arab nationalist revolutionaries who have never heard of Friedman or Hayek and whose principles of accountancy aren't quite up to speed.

Hence the naive welcome given to the gentlemen from the Adam Smith Institute, sent by the British Council. Not knowing that Thatcher-Reagan economics are out of vogue, the Palestinians listened politely as bow-tied English buffoons lectured them on the perils of excessive public expenditure — in a land of refugees and peasants, whose blood has finally flushed their occupier from their land. An economy like the "Asia Pacific Tigers" is the prescription Adam Smith wrote, leaving out the ingredients that such an economy requires: a quiescent workforce corralled in barbed wired free trade zones, with the fire doors bolted shut for greater productivity.

Arafat's advance guard is here, too, and it's not a pretty sight. Leading the 1,000 elderly, avuncular Palestinian policemen, atop whom the local children climb with impunity, is the Palestinian "special police commander" Jabril Ajub, who has walked straight out of a Graham Greene novel as everyone's nightmare of the Police Inspector From Hell.

This sweating veteran of 15 years in Israeli prisons is fat, ill-clad in dark green fatigues and down-at-heel Chelsea boots, lazy and malevolent. He is also stupid, which is more dangerous. Jabril comes from Yatta, outside Hebron. Palestinians tell Hebronite jokes. Hebronites tell Yatta jokes. For the western pinkos long attached to the PLO cause, Ajub will prove a culture shock. Few Islington dinner tables would find him an addition.

More to their taste would be the emerging US-financed and largely Christian clique around Hanan Ashrawi. She has turned down Arafat's offer of a government post and gone into virtually open opposition. She will use "human rights" and "freedom of the press" as her battle cries, and Arafat will need someone prettier than Ajub to face her down.

Allied with another millionaire Christian, 20 stone lard bucket and Jerusalem publisher Hannah Siniora, Ashrawi's first target is the overthrow of the popular head of the Palestinian Broadcasting Corporation, the oft imprisoned head of the journalists' union, Radwan Abu-Aish.

Radwan, one of the few local leaders to come from the teeming refugee camps, is an Arafat loyalist who believes the new radio station and forthcoming three hours a day television service must continue to serve the national cause until Palestine is united and has won its independence. Ashrawi, in a very public battle, fears this attitude will shut her up.

For Arafat downtown Jericho is an unenticing prospect. He will be restricted to the town and denied entry to the holy city of Jerusalem 25 minutes away, demonstrating the impotence inflicted by the Oslo agreement.

Nor is there any money yet; international donors preferring to write free market treaties rather than cheques. Arafat knows the masses yearn for his return; and his personality is such that his surrogate leaders are simply unable to fill his elevator shoes. But the longer he leaves them in charge in Jericho, the more chance there is of it coming tumbling down.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

Compiled by
Victor Lewis-Smith

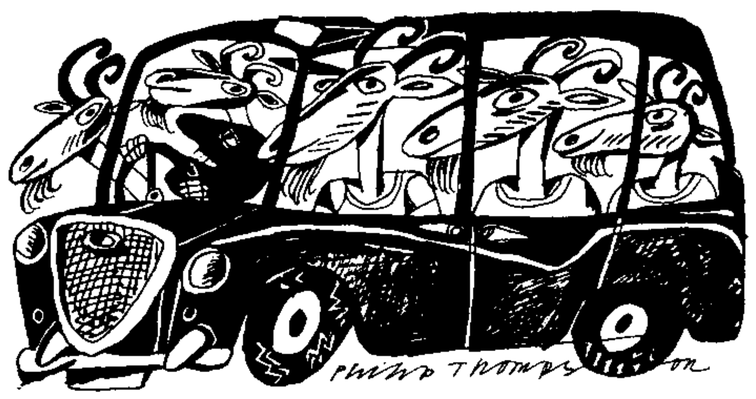
"I've seen a few horrors in my time, but this shocked even me," Mando Guno informed reporters outside Port Elizabeth's criminal court, "but the officials acted superbly in the circumstances. The majesty of the law must always be upheld."

Standing on the steps beneath Court No. 3, Mr Guno described the events he had just witnessed: "I was giving evidence in a robbery trial when Lizo Xeji, a local witch doctor, ran yelling into the court in full sangoma regalia, holding two chickens which he called 'the daughters of Zazanu'. Everyone was too stunned to protest when he threw white powder over the counsel for the prosecution, and claimed to be protected by the spirit of Zazanu. An usher asked him who Zazanu was, and he replied: 'My lucky cockerel, who tragically died beneath the wheels of a muck spreader.' His mission, he said, was to ensure that 'the men charged with theft go free'.

"Xeji had been chanting 'my clients did not steal the condoms' for about ten minutes when Judge Carter finally lost his composure, and screamed out that someone should 'get this nutcase out of my fucking court now'. But, before anyone could move, Xeji hurled both chickens at the judge, shouting 'Kill!' and they started pecking at his gavel. Then Xeji threw animal entrails onto the head of the stenographer, and drank from what he called a 'magic bottle'. The stench was foul, especially when he spat the contents all over the court doors. His traditional ritual was then brought to a sudden halt by two court orderlies, who grabbed him in a headlock and marched him out of court."

The three robbers (clients of Xeji) were eventually sentenced to a total of more than 100 years imprisonment for stealing 250,000 "Black Knight Extra Girth" ribbed condoms from a butcher's shop in Enca last year. "The ushers have stolen the daughters of Zazanu," Xeji said outside the court. "They are wasting my time. I have patients dying of AIDS and cancer, and some of them like eggs for breakfast." *(Johannesburg Weekly Mail, 6/5/94. Spotter — Dick Rooney)*

—o—



"When the taxi passed by, I simply thought to myself what an ugly family they all were," Officer Mustapha Garbah of the Ghanaian Motor Transport Department told a court in Accra. "It wasn't until we stopped the vehicle that we discovered the truth."

Garbah was speaking at the trial of John Ofosu, a four-foot two-inch taxi driver who had been arrested on the Accra to Kumasi road: "He was speeding, so we gave chase and ordered him to stop. While my colleague was writing out a speeding ticket, I looked again at the passenger in the front seat and suddenly realised it was not an ugly person at all, but a pregnant goat in a t-shirt. Investigating further, I found all thirteen other passengers were also pregnant goats, all in t-shirts."

Ofosu admitted fourteen specimen charges of stealing unattended animals from roadside villages in the Ashanti region. He and an accomplice, Boakye Tetteh, admitted they'd been dressing stolen goats in t-shirts for years, so as not to arouse suspicion while they drove home, and had never been apprehended before. Both were remanded in custody for sentencing. *(Daily Graphic [Ghana], 17/1/94. Spotter — Mr Shearburn)*

—o—

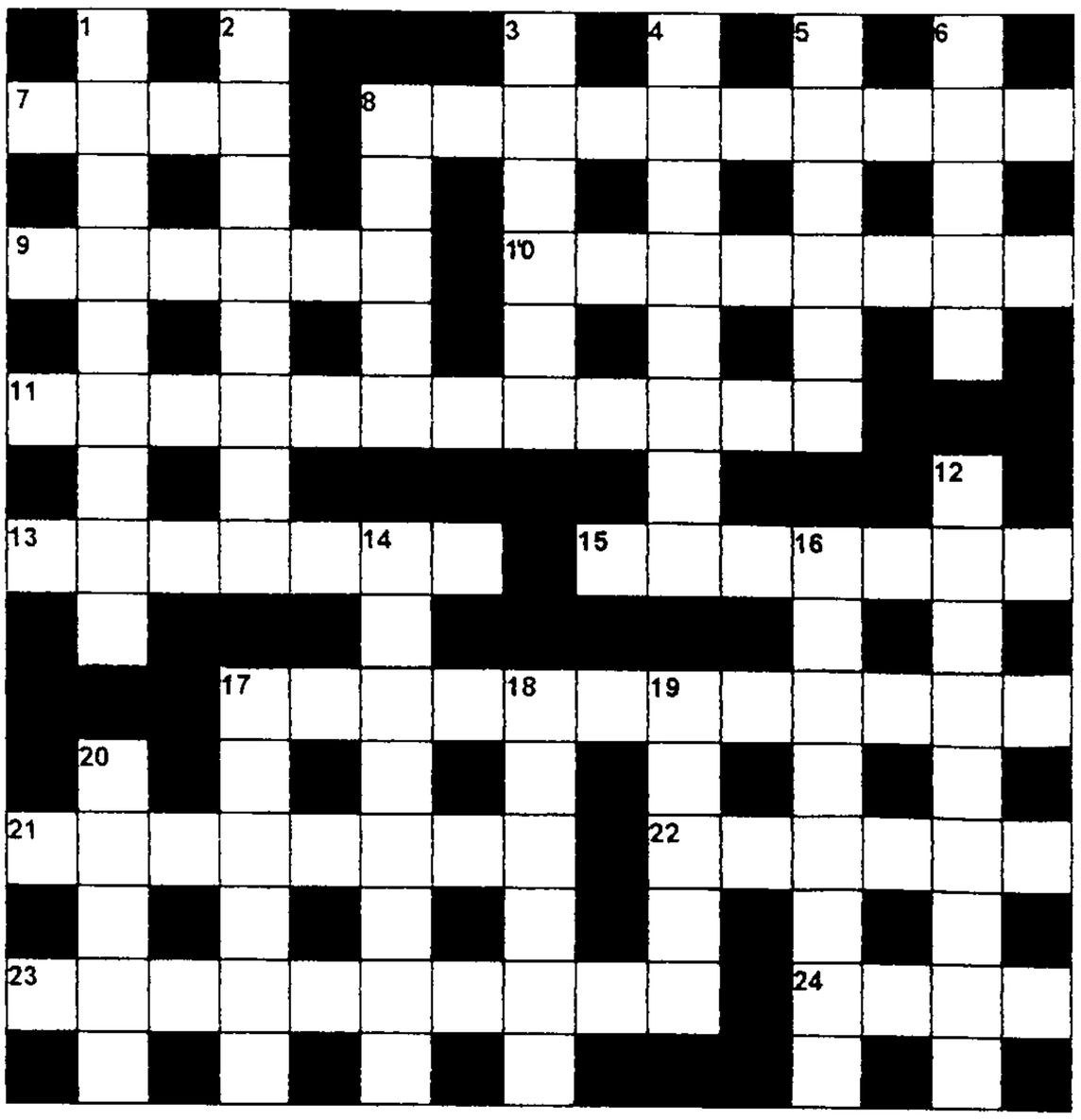
"Mostly, I feel kinda sorry for the guy," said James Ross after a preliminary hearing of a murder case at Fort Lauderdale, Florida, was adjourned. "He may be a fascist, but I doubt if anyone that dumb really poses a serious threat to democracy."

Ross, a court official, was referring to the pretrial motion submitted to the court by Donald Leroy Evans, 38, who was accused on two counts of murder and one of incitement to racial hatred: "First, he asked permission to wear a Ku Klux Klan robe in the courtroom, which ain't that unusual a request. But then he said he wanted to be referred to in legal documents by 'the honorable and respected name of Hi Hitler'. We asked him to repeat the request, and it turned out that he thought Nazis used to say 'Hi Hitler' to the Führer. When we told him they were really saying 'Heil Hitler', he thought we were taking the piss and refused to speak any more. The guy's a complete moron."

Evans was referred for psychiatric assessment. (The Globe & Mail, 10/3/94. Spotter — Brendan Joseph O'Byrne)

EYE CROSSWORD 5 by Cyclops

£100 winner FRANCIS HARVEY



ACROSS

7 Now a conspiracy obscures scene of FBI bungle (4)
8 It entitles that Jill dame to shack up with mobster (10)
9 Celebrated striker, well-endowed and soundly left-wing MP (3,3)
10 The intelligentsia, turned on by objective sex, are back (8)
11 Ex-political commentator chappie nuts for our selection of boobs (12)
13 Old MacDonald, maybe, sticking pole into sensitive, caring male (7)
15 See about getting in Wogan replacement — as a gift to the other side! (3,4)
17 Now gets her kicks from taking members in hand? (5,7)
21 God's House for those nearest to Him (3,5)
22 Token cover-up of nuclear test site (6)
23 He's often dubbed the old enemy, so it's said, since straddling barrier (5,5)
24 Pussy is, in short, Andrew's oeuvre (4)

DOWN

1 The president's camp poet — he's given us very little peace! (5,4)
2 The last men give you crap (8)
3 Sexually ambivalent type gate-crashing party, turned up for unnatural union? (3-3)
4 Willy, we hear, to be spotless by regulation (8)
5 Poor Howe's hugging King — those who have fallen (6)
6 It's a piece of shit lifting rifles (5)
8 Country's unsupported would-be leader getting Fergie's agreement (5)
12 In a pretty naff sort of suit (9)
14 Old councillor right to get gruesome Mandela necklace (8)
16 Taken by the one who keeps getting thrill holding up end (4,4)
17 Good for grinding: bad for morals (6)
18 Spies model clinging to a dickhead (6)
19 Local energy source of satisfaction in the groin area (5)
20 Act like Ollie's secretary bit (5)

£100 prize for first correct solution opened on 6.7.94. Send entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, W1V 5RG.

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD 4

ACROSS: 7/17/23 Child Support Agency 8 Ayatollah 10 Newsreel 11/19 Down on the Farm 12 Leader 13 Scourged 15 Machete 17 (see 7) 20 (see 25) 22 Byelaw 24 Permit 26 Finished 27 Red Square 28 Pooch.

DOWN: 1 The Eye 2 Closed shop 3 Cyclist 4 Studio 5 Blow 6 Saboteur 9 Beirut 14 Repression 16 Achiever 18 Urbane 19 (see 11) 21 Arthur 23 (see 7) 25/20 Miss Whiplash.

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

Following our great success in the Euro-elections, when we won 18 times more seats than all the so-called experts predicted, Sir Norma Fowler has decided to rest on his undoubted laurels. When he came to see me this morning he said: "It has always been my intention to resign before you could sack me, Prime Minister." This was very sad news because it meant that I had to find someone else to take over this very important job of masterminding our victory at the next election. "I am sure you will have lots of phone calls as soon as it is announced that I am giving up," said Sir Norma.

Sure enough, no sooner had he left than the phone rang. It was Mr Heseltine. "I just wanted to let you know, Prime Minister," he said, "that if you're hoping that I will take on Norma's job, you know what you can do with it. I am, however, prepared to serve you in any way that involves me becoming Prime Minister."

He then put the phone down, and it did not ring again until tea-time. It was my friend Jeffrey Archer. "Prime Minister," he said, "I just thought I would offer some advice about the Chairmanship. It is vital that the new man should be in late middle-age, should be popular with the party workers, an excellent speaker, and should have written a lot of books. Am I making myself clear?"

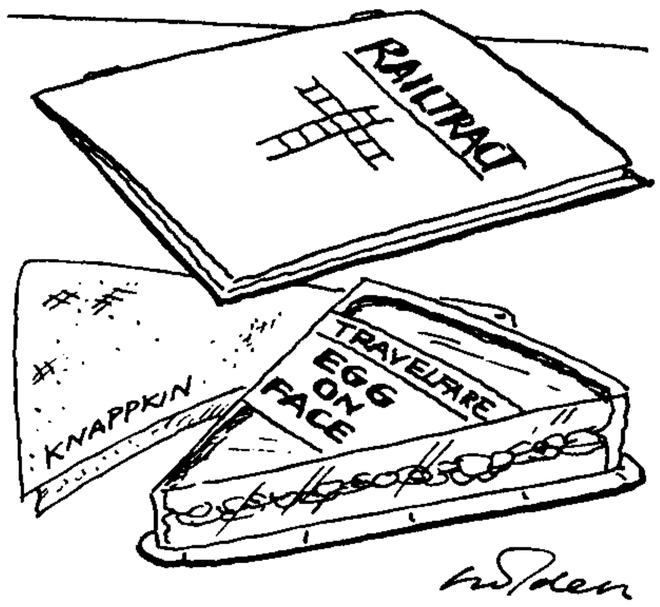
"Oh, yes," I replied, "You are talking about Douglas. But I cannot move him from the Foreign Office." Jeffrey made a funny snorting noise and rang off.

Tuesday

All the papers are saying that I am planning a reshuffle to give my government an entirely new look. They are saying that I must get tough and wield the axe by sacking such people as Mr Gummer, Mr Waldegrave, Mr Lilley, Mr Portfolio, Mr Patten, Mr Howard, Mr MacGregor, Mrs Bottomley, Mr Clarke, Mr Hurd, Mr Heseltine and someone called Mr Hunt. When I showed the list to my wife Norman, she said: "Haven't you forgotten the most important name of all?" "Oh, yes", I said, "Mr Redwood."

Wednesday

Today, yet again, there are no trains. Millions of people, including Miss Hogg and the man who helps me with my speeches by writing them for me, Mr Horace Norris, have been unable to get to work. Let there be no doubt as to who is to blame, ie the trade unions and, in particular, Mr Knapp. My press adviser, Mr Meyer, made a very good point when he said that it was just like the 1970s, when Mrs Thatcher won the election by standing up to the unions. "This could be the chance we've been waiting for, Prime Minister," he said. "The country is sick and tired of all these strikes." "You are right," I said. "I must be seen to be getting tough. 'Who is running Britain?' That will be our slogan." "So what are you going to do?" asked Mr Meyer. "I shall make it clear that this strike is nothing to do with the Government," I told him. "We will tell Railtrack to ensure that they do not pay these strikers a penny more."



Thursday

My message has got home, as I heard on the news this morning that the trains are running again. In Mrs Thatcher's day these strikes often went on for weeks.

However, I still have one problem, which is to find someone to be the Chairman of the Party.

Jeffrey is being very helpful. He sends me faxes several times a day saying that the job must go to someone who is in the House of Lords and is an extrovert who gives parties for famous people from all walks of life. I think he may have made a mistake here, as Sir David Frost is not yet in the House of Lords — although if he interviews me again, he might well be.

Friday

Today I am flying to a place called Corfu, which is near Greece, for a very important meeting to decide who should be the President of Europe. I would like it to be Sir Leon Brittan, because he would stand up for Britain and show that we are really powerful in the new Europe. Besides, he has been in Brussels for a long time, and he would know how to drive in the fast lane, but slowly. However, Mr Kohl and M. Mitterrand want to have a Belgian called Mr Dehaene who is even fatter than Mr Soames, obviously because he eats so many Belgian chocolates! Mr Hurd and I agreed beforehand that we would not accept Mr Dehaene at any price, because he believes in everyone driving very fast in the fast lane all the time with their lights flashing. We agreed that we would use our veto.

Saturday

Everyone is full of praise for the way I got tough about Mr Dehaene. Britain stands alone, as we did in 1940. Oh yes!

Now, because I have said no, Mr Kohl and Mr Mitterrand will have to put someone else forward.

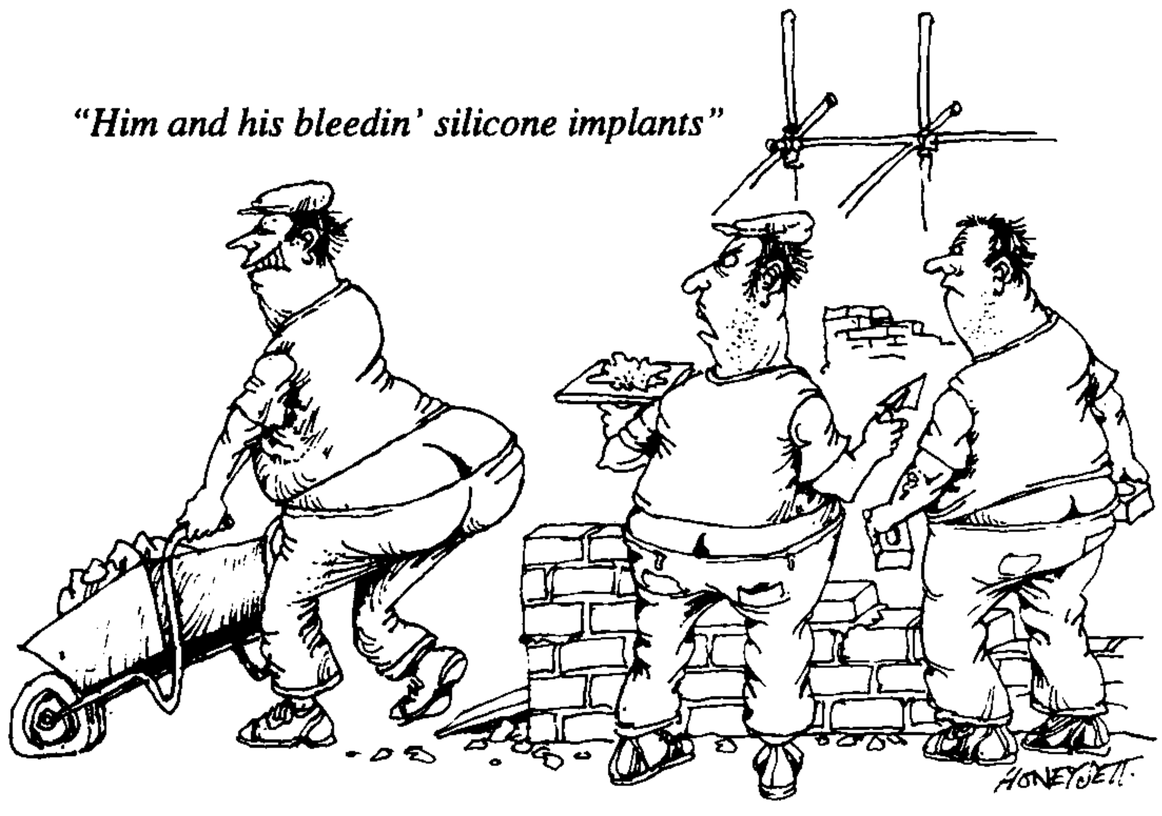
I have made it clear that, whoever is nominated for the job, I will not be dictated to by my European counterparts.

Oh no. If I am to be dictated to by anyone it will be my backbenchers.

Sunday

On my return from Corfu, where I got not inconsiderably bitten by mosquitoes, there was a strange message on my answering machine: "I am speaking on behalf of the Queen, President Clinton and the Pope. They all agree that your friend Jeffrey Archer is the best man you could get to be Party Chairman. If he does not get the job, he has told me personally he will join the Labour Party and bring down your Government. His new book of short stories is currently available in all good bookshops."

I spent a not inconsiderable time wondering who this caller could be.



"Him and his bleedin' silicone implants"

BRITANNIA TO BE PHASED OUT

by Our Yacht Staff **Lunchtime O'Hoy**

BRITANNIA, the floating island off the coast of France, is to be phased out by 1996 it was revealed today.

Formerly the symbol of Empire across the globe, this once-proud island is now too expensive to maintain as an independent concern.

Britannia Waves Goodbye

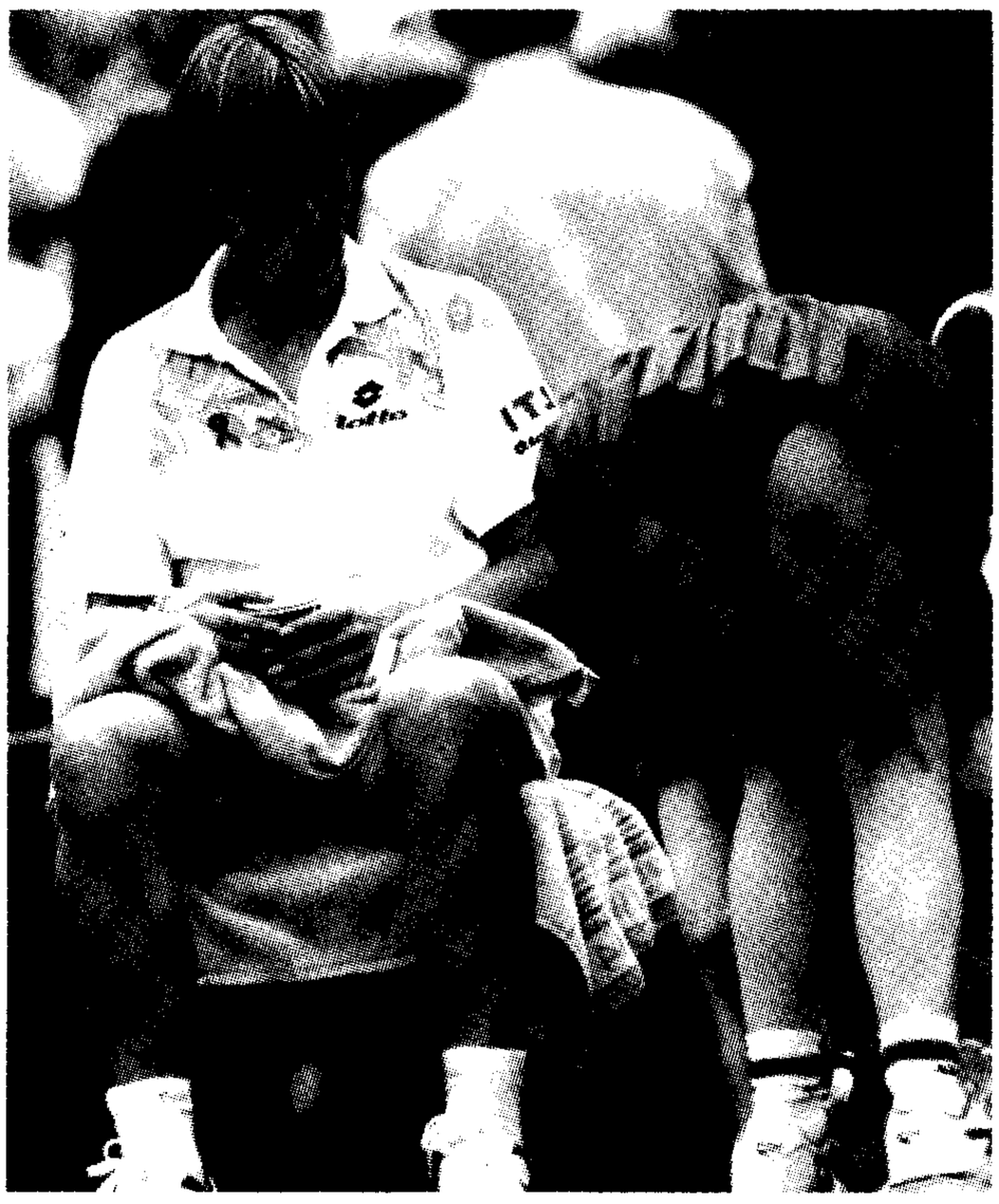
European nations have no interest in Britannia, which they regard as an outdated relic of the past.

However, one possibility is that the island will be sold to an Arab consortium and turned into a tourist attraction.

Another plan is to sell it to an American tycoon who would reconstruct it as a Theme Park in Texas, complete with Royal processions, rail-strikers and Gay Rights marches through Trafalgar Square on Sunday afternoons.

THE DAILY TELEGRAPH

GRAND SUMMER PHOTO BUBBLE COMPETITION



Think of a funny bubble and win a year's free subscription to Britain's foremost satirical magazine.
Closing date 15 July.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Law and Order

From Sir Herbert Gussett

SIR,—Millions of your readers will, I am sure, have been profoundly shocked by the decision of a Somerset magistrate, Lady Olga Waldegrave, to imprison PC Gussett (no relation), the policeman who has rightly won the applause of the nation for boxing the ears of some young hooligan.

When I was a boy, many long summers ago, it was common practice for us to "scrump" apples from old Farmer Rothschild's orchard. This was an innocent enough pastime, for boys will be boys. But woe betide any young miscreant who was caught indulging in this heinous crime by our well-loved village bobby, PC "Bill" Wivens. I vividly recall my young friend, Ned Harkess, who was caught red-handed with a satchel full of Sexton's Old Superbs, a variety long since, alas, discontinued, owing to EC regulations. The good PC Wivens showed no mercy and clubbed the luckless Harkess to death with his truncheon. Needless to say, young Harkess learned his lesson and was never caught stealing apples again! Everyone at the time rightly considered that PC Wivens had only carried out his duty as a bastion of law and order. Today, however, if the likes of Lady Olga Waldegrave had their way, this simple god-fearing country policeman would doubtless have been imprisoned for life, while the young hooligans and joyriders in our midst are sent to Africa on safari at the expense of law abiding tax-payers.

SIR H. GUSSETT
Dunscrumpin'
Cuff-on-the-Ear
Dorset.

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber

NAOMI DARLING, IT'S FANTASTIC THAT YOU'RE MAKING A RECORD!
YES ADAM, IT'S A GREAT OPPORTUNITY FOR ME. I'LL BE MAKING MUSIC AND CREATING A WHOLE NEW CAREER FOR MYSELF, ALTHOUGH I KNOW IT WON'T BE EASY...
IT JUST GETS SO BORING, STANDING AROUND, NOT DOING MUCH, POSING IN FRONT OF PEOPLE!
YEH, BUT I DO GET PAID A LOT OF MONEY FOR IT!
U2
Kerber

[redacted]

...that trouser-splitting pop star P.J. Proby started his career as Jett Powers? Proby, real name James Marcus Smith, had hits with *Hold Me*, *Somewhere* and *I Apologise*, but suffered years of self-abuse.

Stevenage Leader

It was the final concert performed by the Band of Her Majesty's Royal Marines, Plymouth, which, as from April 1, has been renamed the Band of Her Majesty's Royal Marines, Plymouth.

Cornish Times

POETRY CORNER

In Memoriam *That's Life*

So. Farewell
Then *That's*
Life.

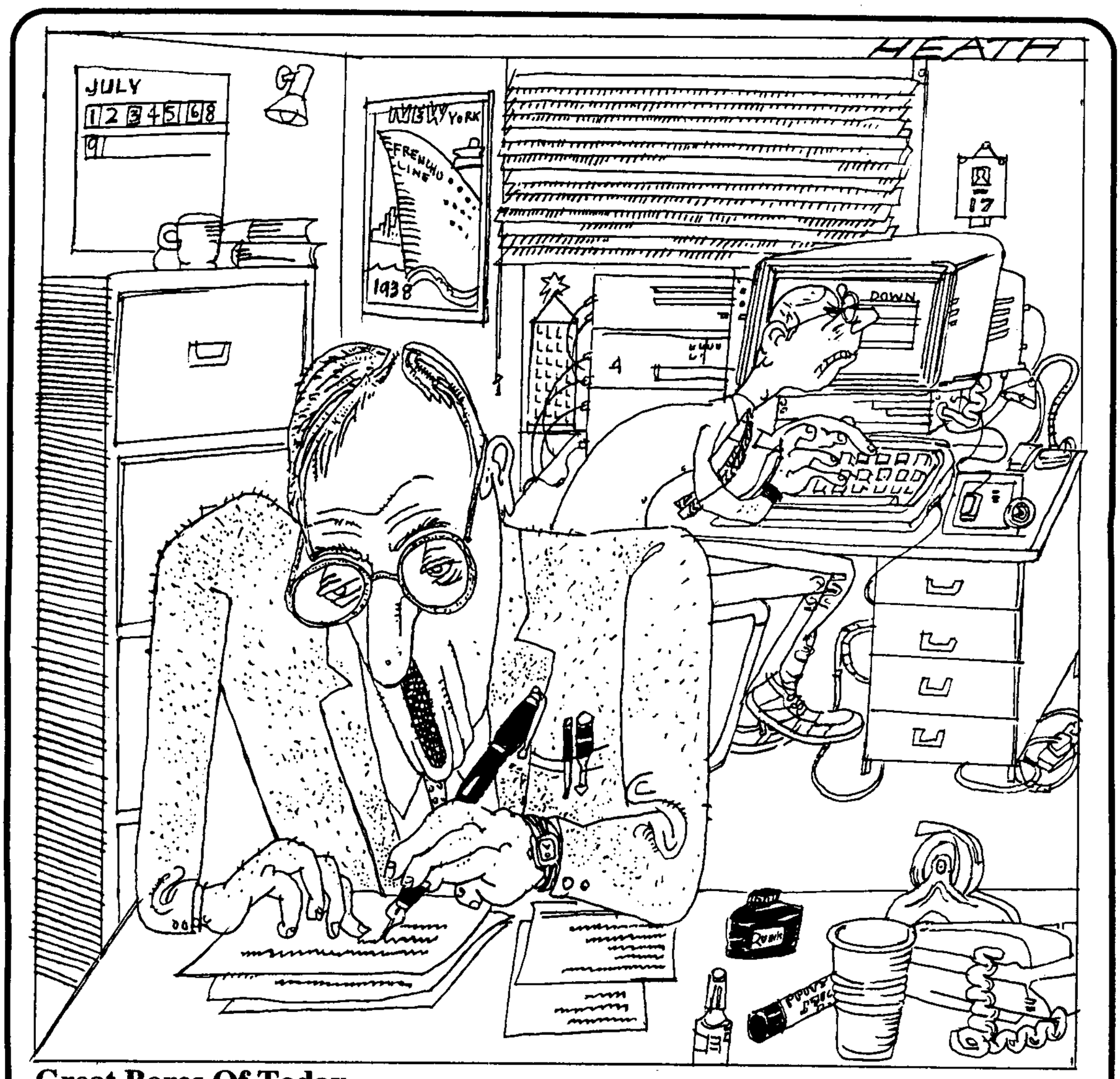
You have been
Axed by
BBC bosses.

Ah well,
That's Life.

E.J. Thribb (17½)

TEN TELL-TALE SIGNS THAT YOU ARE WATCHING WORLD CUP '94

1. You are asleep all day.
2. Er...
3. That's it.



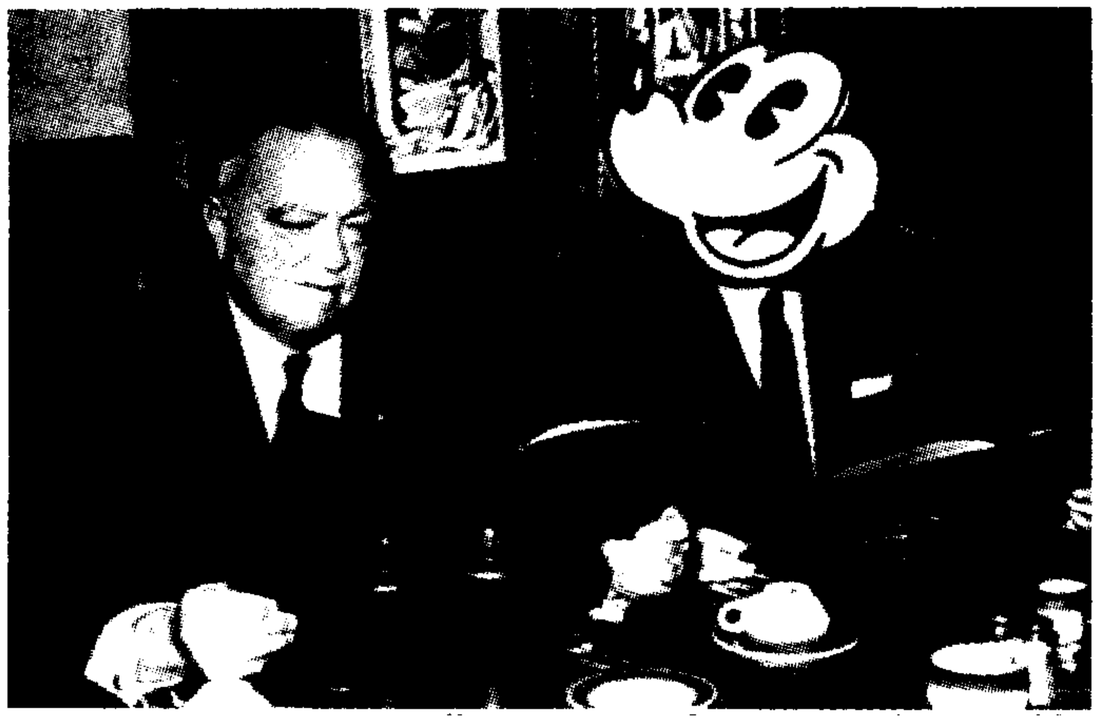
Great Bores Of Today.

"... I know someone who was writing a book and he pressed the wrong button and the whole thing disappeared there's nothing wrong to my mind with the old-fashioned pen and paper and the time it takes you to learn how to use one it's obsolete there'll be something new on the market now if I want to look up my household accounts I've got them all in my filing cabinet but on a computer you've got to open up all your windows they give you with one of those mouse things which I can never understand and then there's always the danger of some virus getting into the system which doesn't happen with a piece of paper and a pen no viruses there thank goodness and what about eye glare and headaches? and once your kiddies get hold of them and start playing those games you'll say goodbye to any chance of getting back into it yourself and anybody can hack in these days and find out all about you have you got any blotting paper? this pen leaks..."

Celeb

LIGGER

YOU KNOW, I DREAM OF WALKING DOWN THE HIGH STREET AND NOT BEING RECOGNISED.
OF GOING IN TO THE SUPERMARKET TO DO SOME SHOPPING, WITH NO-ONE STOPPING AND STARING AT ME.
OF POPPING IN TO MY LOCAL BOOZER AND BEING TREATED JUST LIKE ANYONE ELSE...
THEN I WAKE UP SCREAMING IN A TERRIBLE COLD SWEAT...
SO FOR HOW LONG HAVE YOU HAD THESE FEELINGS OF ACUTE INSECURITY?...
INSTITUTE OF PSYCHOANALYSIS



DISNEY WORLD ROCKED BY NEW BOOK SENSATION

by Our Children's Book Editor **Hans Brute Anderton**

THE WORLD of Disney has been rocked by a sensational new biography which lifts the lid off one of America's most popular entertainment legends and reveals a hitherto unknown dark side.

Far from being a lovable role model for millions, Mickey Mouse is alleged to have been a tyrannical despot, whose rule of fear held Hollywood in its grip.

Walts and all

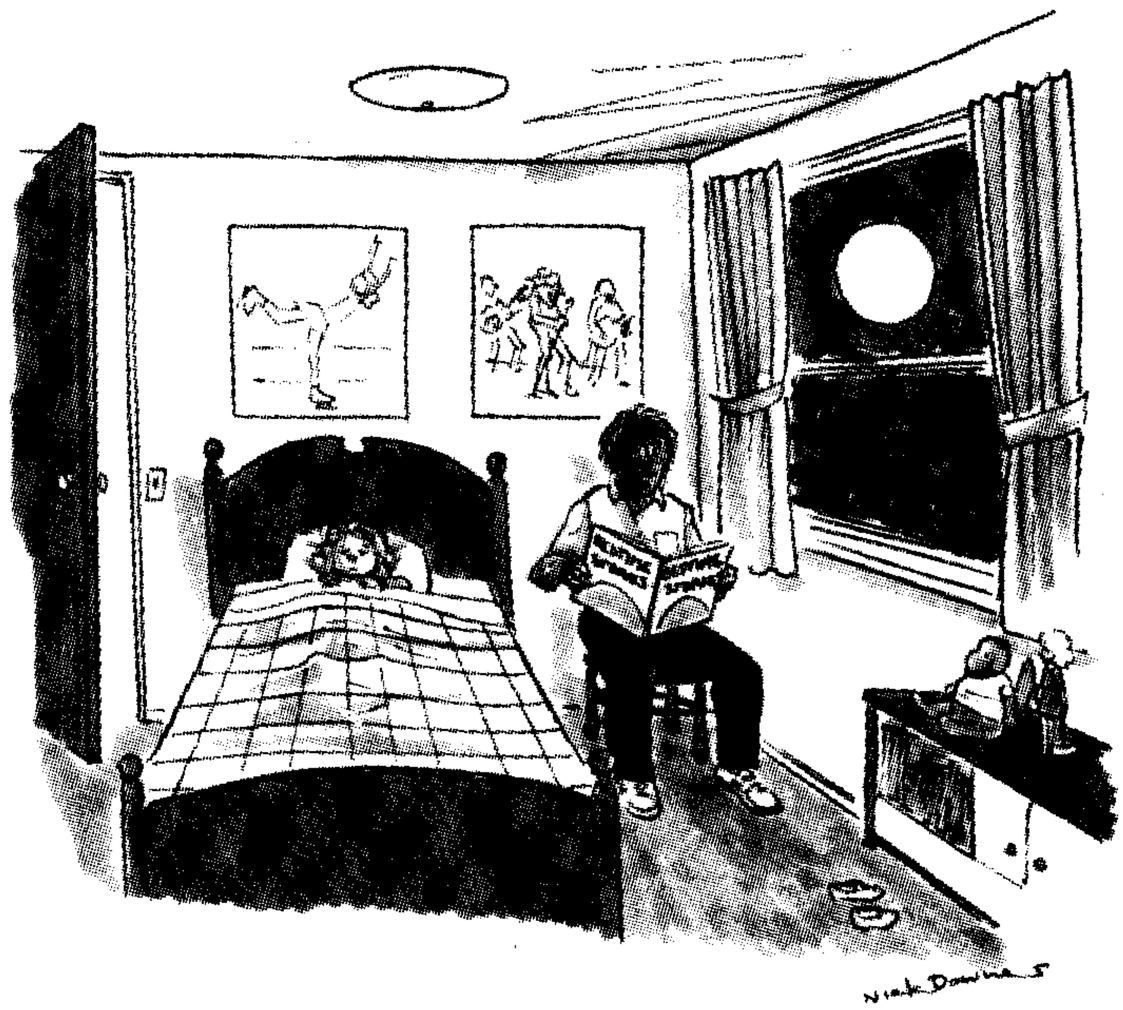
The book, entitled *Mickey Mouse Was Worse Than Hitler*, claims that Mouse:

- **was a secret agent who worked for the FBI;**
- **was a close personal friend of J. Edgar Hoover;**
- **informed on Dumbo, thus ensuring that his promising movie career ended after only one film;**
- **was sexually unfulfilled and failed to have mice by his wife Minnie, instead developing an unhealthy close relationship with Huey, Duey and Louie, the offspring of his Beverly Hills neighbour, Donald Duck;**
- **was a cheesaholic and ate anything up to 10lbs of Extra-Strong Bright Yellow Mousetrap a day;**
- **admired the Italian dictator Moussolini, whose totalitarian regime he adopted.**

Pure Fantasia

But yesterday friends of Mouse rallied to his side. Said long-time associate Snow White: "Mickey is a complex personality. He is not as black as he has been painted. Only his ears are black. He has red shorts and white gloves."

The Dalmatians are 101.



"The Starving Wolf and the Three Big Fat Pigs"

NEW CD FROM SONY

GEORGE MICHAEL'S GREATEST HITS

Including

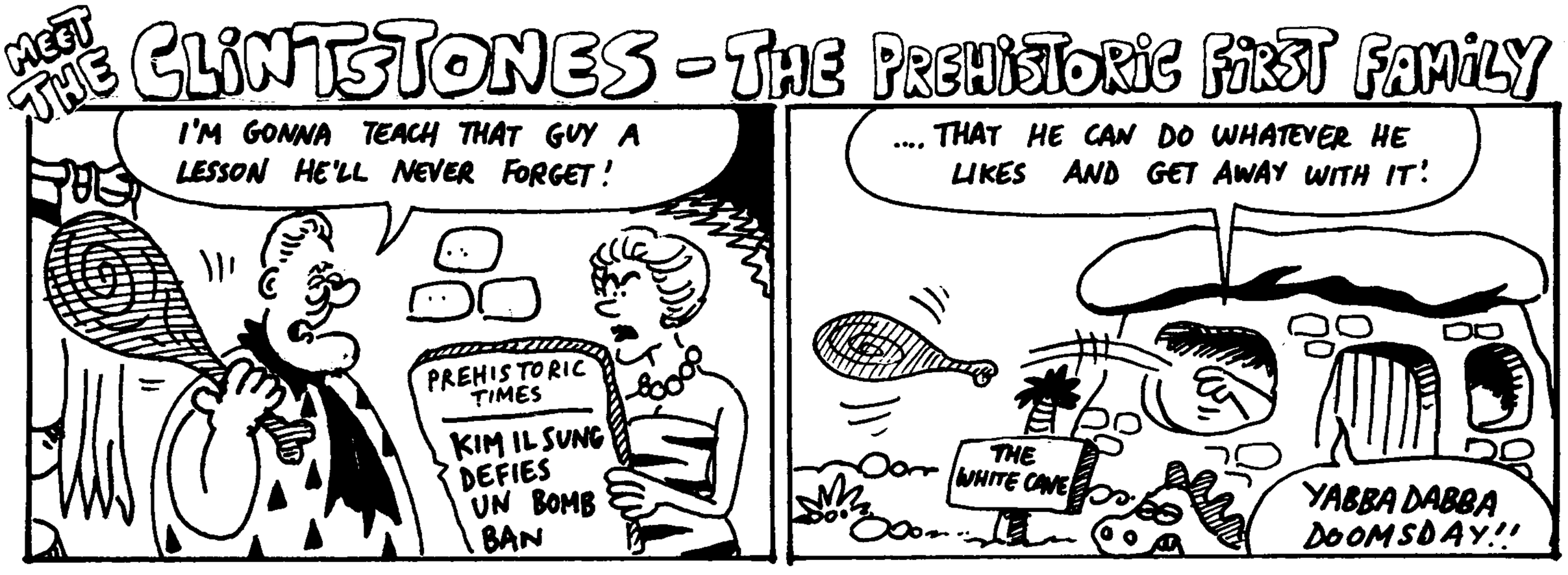
☆Please Release Me, Let Me Go

★Gotta Get You Out Of My Life

☆Help! ★Unchained Melody

(shurely 'Chained'? Ed.)

and many many more, thanks to Mr Justice Parker's High Court ruling.


MEET THE CLINTSTONES - THE PREHISTORIC FIRST FAMILY
I'M GONNA TEACH THAT GUY A LESSON HE'LL NEVER FORGET!
PREHISTORIC TIMES
KIM IL SUNG DEFIES UN BOMB BAN
.... THAT HE CAN DO WHATEVER HE LIKES AND GET AWAY WITH IT!
THE WHITE CAVE
YABBA DABBA DOOMSDAY!!

Win 2 Air Tickets to Hampshire, p. 24

The Daily Hellograph

Sales Down 400,000

FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1994

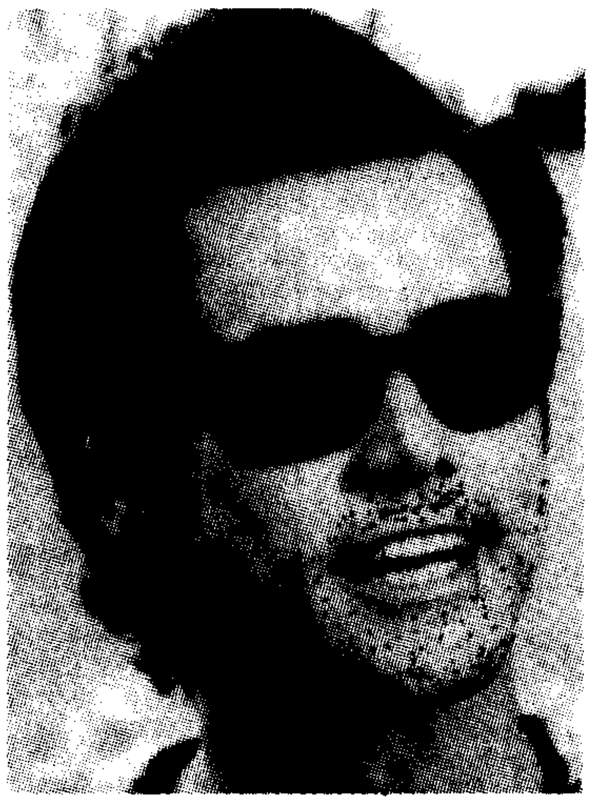
New Executive Strip Clubs (plenty of pix!) p. 18

Your Fantasy World Cup — Prizes To Be Won p. 48

Does Sex Give You Skin Cancer? A Doctor Writes p. 24

30p

Pop Singer Loses Court Case



A WELL-KNOWN pop singer, Boy George Michael Jackson, has lost a £20 million case in the High Court, it was revealed today.

Hundreds of fans (Sid and Doris Hastings) had been waiting outside the court for 48 hours to hear whether their idol had been successful in his bid to be released from his contract to the multi-million pound leisure conglomerate Lemsweat International.

When the verdict was announced, many fans fainted and burst into tears. "This is one of the most tragic days in history," said Jackson's manager, Peter Stibbins, after the case.

The implications of yesterday's verdict are likely to send shock waves throughout the civilised world.

"When a major artist of Jackson's stature cannot break his contract," said one senior music industry figure, disc jockey Rap Snorkel, "then we see the Apocalypse staring us in the face."

Lady Thatcher was last night unavailable for comment.

On Other Pages: Editorial p. 15; Michael Case — Will He Appeal to European Court of Human Rights? p. 20; The Boy Jackson I Knew by Simon Heffer p. 18.

Why This Man Should Be Next PM

by Max Hastings

IF THE Conservative Party wishes to recover from its present misfortunes, one obvious remedy is immediately available.

They should get rid of this Major chappie and bring in my friend Nicko Soames as prime minister.

Not only is Nick a first-class shot and raconteur. He is, as this picture shows, a man with the common touch whose Yorkshire pudding-eating has deservedly won him a place in the Guinness Book of Records under the heading "The World's Fattest Man".

The *Daily Telegraph* has long championed Mr Soames's claims to the highest office, which is perhaps why its circulation has fallen by 300,000 copies in the last six months.

On Other Pages: Why This Clubbable Bon Viveur Would Win The Women's Vote, by Veronica Wadley, p. 16

Night Of Long Knives At Daily Goodbyegraph

by Our Media Staff Jane Thynne-Stuff

IN AN imaginative bid to halt his declining circulation, the most courageous newspaper editor of this or any other time, Max "Hitler" Hastings, last night sacked several of his closest colleagues.

"Our aim", he said, "is to give the *Telegraph* a new look. What we need is more women in senior positions, more female columnists and more sex, violence, knickers and showbiz gossip. Our research shows that this is what young readers want — not boring articles about D-Day by Brig. Trumper-Smythe and myself."

Hitler Hastings is 72.

Baronet Shoots Owl

AN East Anglian baronet, Sir Hugh Montgomery-Massacre-bird, was yesterday sentenced to five hours community service for shooting a rare Red-Bearded Owl which, under the EC Bird Directive, is now a protected species.

The owl, *Strix barbarossa*, is believed to have been the last surviving example of a species once common in Norfolk.

Said Sir Hugh: "This bird was a bloody nuisance, and kept me awake with its hooting while I was watching the World Cup."

Pix p.14. Should Sir Hugh have shot the owl? Ring Telegraph Owl-line on 0898-222.

UP 35%!

OUR proprietor's wife yesterday raised her skirt by 35 per cent. "That should compensate for the fall in our share price!" quipped a jubilant Conrad Blackadder, the Telegraph's Canadian proprietor.

WOMAN IN THE NEWS

'I Would Try Thatcher For War Crimes' — Mrs Beckett's Bid To Woo Waverers

by Our Political Staff **Alan Rubbisher**

"The only reason why I am not already leader of the Labour Party is that I am a woman."

So said the petite, attractive Mrs Margaret Beckett, 26, who since John Smith's death has emerged as a towering figure in British politics.

Make no mistake, Mrs Beckett is a woman of ideas. And her main idea is that she wants to be Leader of the Labour Party. And Deputy Leader. And Shadow Foreign Secretary. And Shadow Chancellor.

That is why she is standing for all these posts in Labour's forthcoming leadership elections. And if she is not elected to all of them, she is blunt about the reasons why.

"It is only because I am a woman," she said. "If I was a man everyone would recognise that I am by far the best candidate for all these jobs, and a whole lot more besides."

"Grossman paté? What's in that?"

No one can say that Mrs Beckett's policies are the same as the bland package of voter-friendly sound bites peddled by her main rival Tony Blair.

Where Blair offers nothing but conciliation, modernisation and a new vision of a "fair and just society, which is both just and fair, not to say fairly just", Beckett is not afraid to put her head above the parapet by saying that her first move when Labour is elected would be to sell Britain's Trident submarines to Colonel Gaddafi, and to put Lady Thatcher on trial for war crimes against the trade unions.

"Let's face it," she says, "sending in the police to shoot down the miners at Orgreave was nothing less than blatant genocide. Thatcher deserves the death penalty, even though I am opposed to capital punishment, as my record shows."

Among Mrs Beckett's other policies:

- **The renationalisation of all industries privatised under Mrs Thatcher, without compensation.**
- **Free creche facilities for all single mothers who wish to return to work.**
- **Full employment for all.**
- **Implementation of the Social Chapter without delay.**
- **A new law to ensure that 50 per cent of MPs are women.**

What Blur Says About Those Beckett Shockers

Renationalisation

"We need to look at this very carefully. There is no essential difference between me and Margaret on this, except that I don't agree with her."

Employment

"Margaret and I are completely in agreement that every man, woman and child has a right to a job. Have no doubt that, when we have a Labour government, everyone will have a job — particularly me and Margaret."

Creches

"This is a very good idea, which has been Labour Party policy since 1947. But it is all a matter of priorities. Can we afford to provide creches when many single mothers are homeless?"

Nuclear Weapons for Gaddafi

"Margaret is certainly putting forward a very interesting proposal here, which we shall look at long and hard. The Labour leadership election is being conducted in a spirit of friendly comradeship and I would therefore hesitate to say that she is obviously stark raving bonkers on this one."

VIRTUAL REALITY
BY CUTTER PERKIN'S & RGJ
WOKE UP THIS MORNIN' WITH A £50 MILLION CONTRACT, OH LORD I DONE GOT THE BLUES
SONY
ENORMOUS EGO AND RECORD COMPANY TO SUPPORT
I WANNA BE TAKEN SERIOUSLY (UH-HUH, YEH)
JIGGLE
POSE
STRUT
WE ARE TAKING YOU SERIOUSLY - TO THE CLEANERS
WRIT SONY - WE WANT YOUR SACKS (OF MONEY)
THIS IS SLAVERY
ZZZ! WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU GO-GO!
SLAVER SLAVER!
FEEDOM
SLAVER!
I FIND FOR SONY
THIS IS TERRIBLE - I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EARS
BANG!
SIGN THE JUDGE UP!
SONY RECORDING CONTRACT

COMMUTER FURY AS RAILMEN GO BACK

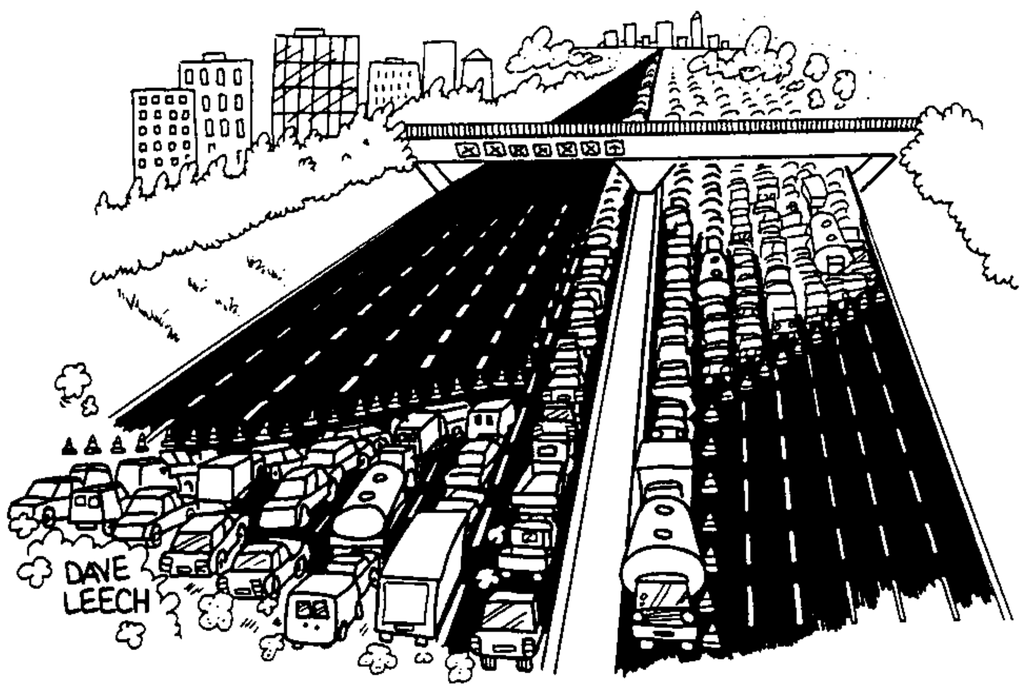
by Our BR Staff **Lady Paddington Bore** (Margaret Jay)

MILLIONS of angry commuters were enraged yesterday when they found trains running as normal, forcing them to return to work.

"You think you know where you are," said one City man, "ie, out in the garden with a Pimms watching Wimbledon on the portable TV, when suddenly these bastards decide to go back to work."

"I don't know what the country's coming to," said a Bromley secretary. "It's almost back to the bad old days of the Eighties, when everyone had to work every day."

"It's not our fault," explained an unrepentant Union leader, Jimmy Knapp. "My members have got to work sometime, to earn some money. It is our democratic right to work, which we are prepared to go on strike for if needs be."



"You've got to have Faith... Faith... Faith in the legal system"

On This Day 5,000 Years Ago

Top Seed Crashes Out

ALL Israel is talking about one of the shock sensations of this year's Lawn Slinging Championship, when Men's Singles favourite Goliath fell to unknown local hero, David.

On past form, it looked a mere formality for the 17-cubit Philistine to go through unhindered to the final.

Giant Killer

But the unheralded boy from the Promised Land had other ideas, with his simple home-made sling and pebble.

After sending his mammoth opponent crashing in the first round, David told a disbelieving press: "I have been working hard on my forehand smash and the stone just seemed to find the target."

Graf Court

Commentators, however, are saying that the boy David is no flash in the pan. Veteran expert Daniel "Lion's Den" Maskell said: "He will go all the way to the top. He could even be King of Israel if he maintains this kind of form."

But others are regretting the early departure of the likes of Goliath. As one disgruntled tout complained: "People come to see the big stars — and they don't come any bigger than Goliath."

Senior Appointments

High-Profile Public Organisation Seeks CHAIRMAN
£80K + Benefits and Knighthood

A long-established nationwide political organisation, with a proven track record, is looking for a Chairperson. He or she will be required to:

- Work closely in a management role with a very senior political figure, oh yes.
- Analyse and assess the reasons for the recent negative consumer profile of the organisation and to promote a strategy to reverse current customer dissatisfaction.
- Make regular media appearances giving reasons for loss of by-elections.
- Oversee and coordinate a major marketing initiative not later than early 1997, which will involve a dedicated commitment to the promotion of the very senior political figure as a suitable person to run the country.

Applications in writing to J. Major, 10 Downing Street, London W1, enclosing cv and cheque for not less than £1 million made out to "Honours Committee".

Low-Profile National Newspaper Seeks
EDITOR
£30K + No Benefits

A not-very-long-established national newspaper, without a proven track record, is looking for a new editor, following the early retirement of the present occupant due to his being given the sack. The successful applicant will be required to:

- Analyse and assess the reasons for the recent negative consumer profile of the newspaper and to promote a strategy to get some readers back.
- Make regular media appearances giving views on such issues as the need to maintain the highest standards of journalistic integrity and the need to attract foreign investment when the newspaper is faced with a negative cashflow situation.
- Work closely in a subservient role with a very senior newspaper executive and to respond positively to whatever I say.

Applications to D. Montgomery, City Road EC1.

This organisation offers a no-joking policy. Applications are particularly welcomed from gays, lesbians, or indeed anybody.

DIARY

As a woman, as a working class woman, one is a robber, a pirate, a brigand sailing dangerous waters. One doesn't belong in safe society, one is beyond the pale, a vagrant, a scoundrel, a fishmonger, a rapscallion, a popinjay, a poltroon, a pantechnicon. So I'm in the vanguard of a different kind of writing, a writing that will one day rise up and scythe through that middle-class complacency, that cotton-wool world of male writers, writers with hoses dangling from their legs like petrol pumps, with four stars branded upon their clavicembalos in scarecrow red. At the moment, I'm by myself, a lone voice in the wilderness, crying and singing and bleating and wailing (but not whaling) against the massed armies of the middle-class male, so I stand rejected and sore and shivering in the brimey cold of rejection within a London ravaged and ravaged again and again and again and again, with gruesome repetitiveness, by the Thatcher beast with her strap-on monetarism.

And I howl for love.

And I howl for art.

And I howl for social justice.

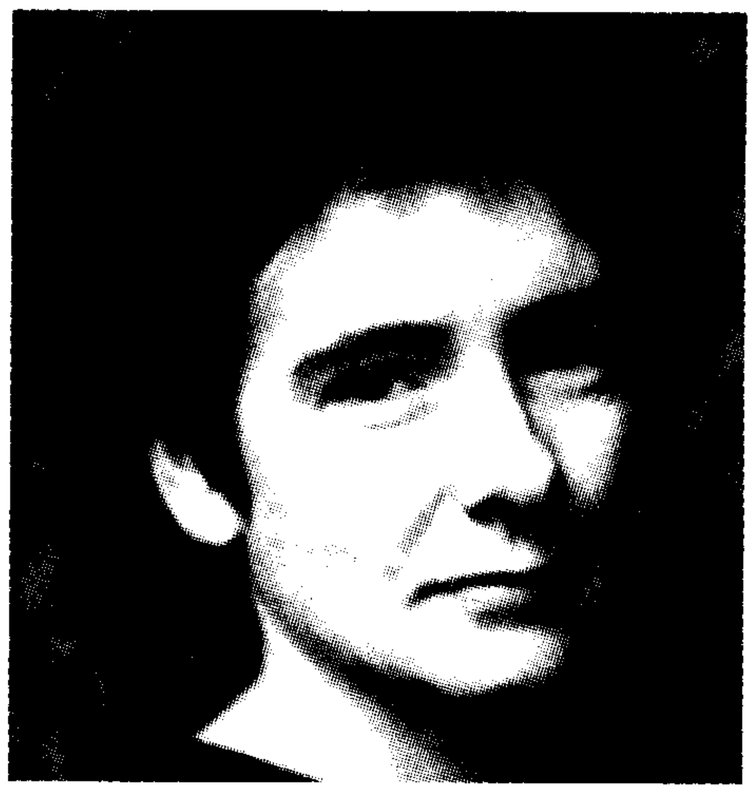
And I howl in my heroic isolation.

And I howl for some halfway decent tea for a change, how about some Fortnum's Earl Grey, honestly you employ a cook and a cleaning lady and a driver and a whole raft of secretaries and the best they can come up with is crappy PG Tips, I'll smash their faces, it makes me hopping

Mad.

What are you that makes me feel thus? Are you thus what makes me feel that? Feel me thus that you makes what are? You are my winged Pegasus, my hirsute daffodil, my sea urchin of song, my orang-utan pirouetting on a high wire, my banana unpeeled, my mango spurting vertiginous aspidistras over the umbrous concavities of Sappho's juts and nooks. You affect me as a young gazelle affects the mountain over which it lollops, dollops and, er, sollops — oh, bollops.

I close my beautiful brown deep brown soft brown eyes. My lips like smoked salmon wrapped in cream cheese parcels with a sprig of fennel, moist, urgent, costly but on special offer, meet your lips, as fresh and nutritious as the morning's cod. My tongue laps your lips; your lips are lapped, and, lapping lips lip lappingly like lollipops over lipped laps slapped slippingly. Your mouth opens and closes, blowing and sucking, sucking and blowing as my hands wreath your gills in luscious circles of contentment. Your gills? Wreathe your *gills*? I open my eyes. My God! It is not you at all, but the goldfish I am kissing! That which I am kissing



JEANETTE WINTERSON

is the *goldfish*! Who put the goldfish bowl by my bloody desk? You'll pay for this, you will! Will you this for pay you'll!

What is love? Love belongs to itself, deaf to pleading and unmoved by violence. No one can legislate love; it cannot be given orders or cajoled into service. Love is a clear pool. Love is a sunlit sky. Love is a bird in flight. Love means never having to say you're sorry.

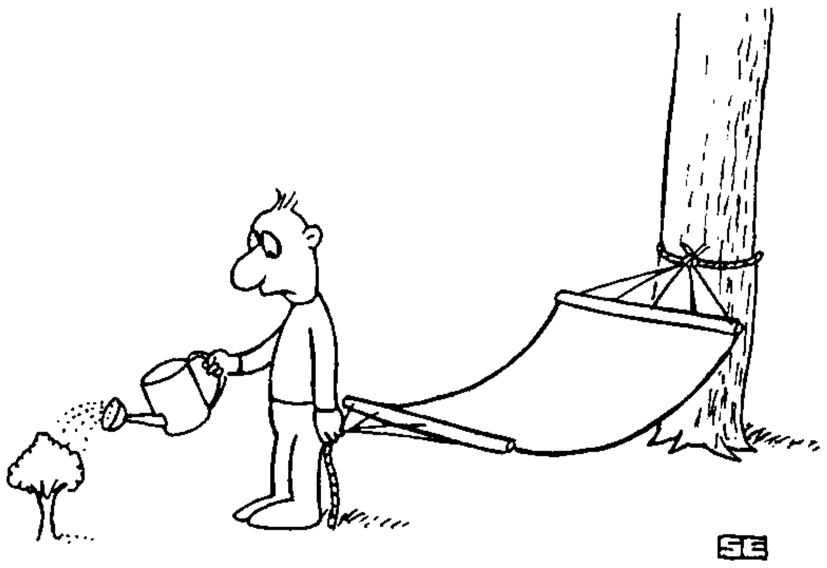
My own love for mankind is unfettered and unfounded, a boulder set adrift in a sea of indifference. I love human beings with a love inexorable and incurable, ineluctable and inseparable, like the love of a toenail for its toe, or a sausage — so sage — for its skin. My love is a love for all human beings, for their grain and ebb, for their woof and pelmet, for their sob and trill, for their sock and espadrille, a love unfettered by the value placed on it by the nauseating Thatcherite market economy. My love is a love for all human beings, every single one, unique in their uniqueness. Except for men, of course. And old women, their skins parched and yellow like discarded phonebooks. And futile heterosexual women, prepared every day, every hour, every minute, to act as the cake into which man's knife must plunge. And subservient lesbian women, drifting like zombies as the handmaidens to the words of one so much braver and more passionate and more alive than themselves. Yes — my love is a love for all human beings, save all those who are not myself.

My reading for the beach (be, ache) this summer? My new book has been described by no less a writer than Jeanette Winterson as "a rich book, bawdy and beautiful, shocking *because* of its beauty, an antidote to the numbness of modern life. A dangerous book, banked with ideas forced out of the words themselves, not words for things, but words that are living things with the power to move, not move in the sense of move, exactly, but move in the sense of move, you know, so that in the end you feel as though something must be done about it all, and that it's worth moving if you can't stay still." So I will most certainly be taking that one. I am also planning to re-read all the earlier works of Jeanette Winterson, which have been described by Jeanette Winterson, the only contemporary critic, in the opinion of the profoundly wise Jeanette Winterson, who has any form of serious critical engagement, as "among the few books written this century worthy to be placed alongside the collected works of Jeanette Winterson". A must.

Fifteen years of the gunboated gumbooted hand of Conservative government has made everyone — the executive zombies, the shop zombies, the writerly zombies, the zombie zombies — more self-centred. Oh, see them as they sit in their expensive mansions doodling in delight, looking down on the teeming, toiling, millions, minions! See them as they create their dark factories of slaves in basements working for them, night and day, day and night, and afternoons and mornings too. Hark as they gratingly glory in their own market value, sweltering amidst the luxury of furnishings and the furnishings of luxury, happy to let others sweat and toil so that they may be content in the fetid atmosphere of their own self-adulation!

Happily, I have managed to create for myself and others an oasis of generosity and unselfishness, set way apart from such egotistical capitalist cravings, a beautiful home where my women friends and my lover and everybody else who works for me in the basement are free in their allotted time to really believe in what I do, and are released by me into an environment where they are enabled to liberate themselves into serving me throughout the day to the best of their abilities, allowing me to express myself, on their behalf, against the tyrannies of the age. Was ever a writer so powerful, so responsible, so poetic, so caring, so *selfless*?

FIN



THE Justice Department may recommend that the sexual harassment suit brought by Paula Jones against President Bill Clinton should be dismissed or delayed indefinitely because United States presidents in office are entitled to broad immunity.

Independent

8.30 A Question of Sport Quiz chaired by David Coleman. (Txt) (S)

9.00 Party Political Broadcast Bill Beaumont, Richard Dunwoody and Tony Adams take on Ian Botham, Roger Black and Nigel Walker. (Txt)

Worcester Evening News

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Derby Evening Telegraph

Literary Review

A load of Willocks

Green River Rising
Tim Willocks
(Cape, £14.99)

LAVISHLY hyped, pictures of its androgynous-looking author staring from the newspapers, greeted with resigned approbation by the critics, the film rights already sold, *Green River Rising* is a monumentally ghastly piece of work.

Unputdownable, inevitably enough, but monumentally ghastly. In his essay on Dali, George Orwell defined a category of art which should be greeted with shrieks of rapture and immediately handed over to the public hangman for incineration. This is it.

But first things first. As the tale of a prison riot — the title refers to a run-down Texan penitentiary — *Green River Rising* has practically everything. A mad warden seeking to test his theories of the essential nobility of man. A powder-keg of racial hatred waiting to explode. The hero, Klein, a falsely imprisoned medic who runs the infirmary. A spirited lady psychiatrist waiting to hurl herself into Klein's arms. A giant schizophrenic visited by divine voices. Assorted psychopaths just itching for an excuse to rip each others' heads off, and a whole world built on the relentless logic of either turning a blind eye or hurting other people very badly before they hurt you.

When a white cell-block boss dying of Aids chews on the warden's bait and decides to spring his black boyfriend from the niggers' coop, the joint blows apart (sorry, but Willocks's diligently acquired tough-guy American style is wonderfully imitable): race murder, gang-rapes, decapitations and so on.

Klein, his release forestalled — he was due out the day afterwards — is roused from his habitual neutrality (the motto NOT MY FUCKING BUSINESS hangs on the wall of his cell) by news that the white cons are planning to take out his Aids patients in the sick-bay, and that Devlin, the feisty psychiatrist, is in there with them. Guided by Abbot, the schizophrenic, he forges a path to the besieged building through another green river — the prison's subterranean sewage system. Salvation, preceded by an epic hand-to-hand battle, more killings, stompings and maimings, is at hand.

The violence, of which there is a very great deal, has a precise, medical flavour (Willocks is a doctor by trade): "Greely's lateral and arterial cruciate ligaments snapped in one with a dull pop and the knee joint came apart" is a fair sample. Curiously, amid the gougings, head-stompings and butt-fuckings, the general effect is as corny as a wheatfield in Idaho: Abbot singing *Jerusalem* as they stalk through the sewer; Klein emerging from the ooze to ask the result of the baseball game; a whole stack of gallows wisecracking in which people under the threat of horrifying death cheerfully abuse one another and say

"motherfucker" — sorry, that should be *mothafucka* — a lot. The film will almost certainly have Eddie Murphy in it, now that O.J. Simpson has counted himself out.

The real ghastliness, though, has less to do with the torrent of incidental brutalities than with the braggart, sub-Hemingway "philosophy" with which the book is liberally endowed. Willocks, it seems fair to say, is obsessed with the idea of masculinity and the notion of how men should behave. At an early stage Klein instructs a cowering Aids sufferer to "die like a man, Vinnie". A bit later Devlin, a fine liberal-minded lass, but bored by her politically correct acquaintance, decides that "she wanted someone who acted like a man and expressed himself like a man", which apparently means someone who'll give her a good going over, thanks very much. Several other fragments of this elemental jigsaw snap into place when we learn that Klein is a PC victim fitted up on a rape charge by a vengeful ex-girlfriend.

And so it goes on. "She loved them. All of them. These fucking men..." Devlin realises, when she glimpses Klein and his chums celebrating in the wake of the sewer-crawl. Typically, she then turns away so that her tears won't embarrass them.

Even worse is a passage in which Devlin, having survived all manner of mayhem and, in Klein's absence, allowed herself to be pleasured senseless by an admired negro stand-in, reflects that "she was that which they needed to make them fully men, not just to fuck, even when they couldn't fully fuck her, but also to protect, even when they couldn't fully protect her, to be strong for, even when they were weak." In other words, screw me senseless, Mr Badass, while sitting on the other guy's head.

Subsequently, Devlin decides that she understands something of men for the first time: "It was something to do with them being them and her being her and the one seeing the other for all that they were and that being enough." No? Really? The foregoing is printed on hard, expensive paper and costs fifteen quid. As the banal and the irremediably sinister jockey for position, the result is, oh dear me yes, a gripping read that would have been better titled *Emotional Fascism: A User's Guide*.

Books & Bookmen

■ "VISION & Values", the ludicrous sub-Est course for HarpicCollins executives devised by boffins from the University of Michigan and HarpicCollins's worldwide CEO George Craig, has been involving them in teamwork, problem-solving and community outreach.

Exhorted to "Integrate! Integrate!", publicity supremo Helen Ellis was made to scrub floors, publishing director Mike Fishwick was set to work in somebody's garden, and the etiolated Stuart Proffit, head of trade publishing, "confessed" to colleagues the disgusting secret that he had once been to a Bruce Springsteen concert and had actually quite enjoyed himself. Meanwhile others have been set problems involving groups of staff tied together on a bench (and have even suggested a Texas Homecare store where rope can be purchased), the idea being that teamwork will overcome the situation.

Staff have now been sent a newsletter with a "cut out and keep" page of "Vision" goals. It is a document of staggering banality with nostrums such as: "We will face reality and embrace change in all aspects of our business life." Interestingly, the document also contains the announcement that "Managers will be leaders and coaches... We need leaders at every level of the organisation who can excite and coach their people rather than depress and control."

Of course virtually no executive can take the course seriously. And asked what should be done about junior staff who don't see the point of it all, head coach Eddie Bell responded "Send them home". For good, presumably.

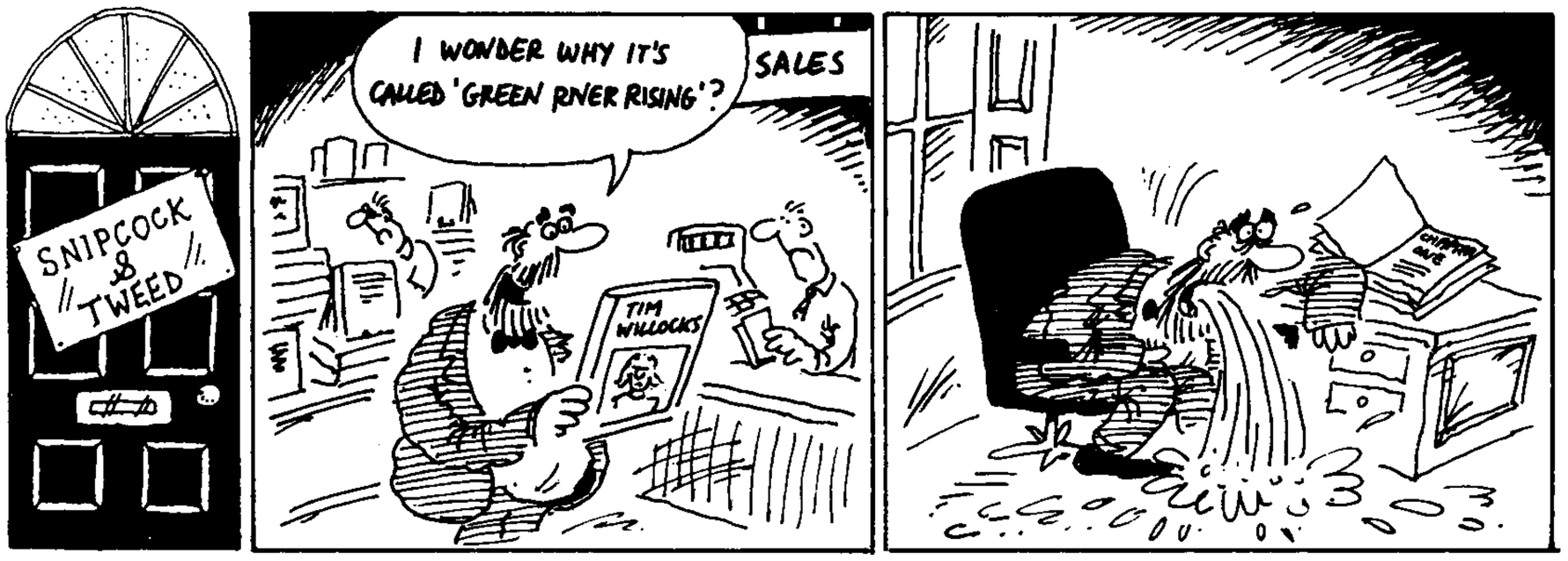
☐ *NICHOLAS Chapman, md of the publishing division of the recently formed BBC Worldwide, which combines the functions of BBC Enterprises and the World Service, now has a seat on the BBC main board of management.*

Chapman, one of the more successful of publishing's latter day grey men, is also the first publisher to be elected president of the Publishers' Association for only a single year term. What can this mean? Is he so modest or the PA so apprehensive?

Many who know Chapman regard him as verging on the unbalanced. He has only recently been able to resume driving his BBC BMW following a year's ban for drunken driving. More amusingly, while on a management "think tank" at the luxurious Stocks Hotel, "Chipmunk" became understandably tired and emotional after a heavy session of strategic planning.

Looking less than immaculate, he instituted an hilarious game of "chuck the wine bottle into the swimming pool". The resultant bill for clearing up broken glass, which included draining and refilling the pool, ran into four figures.

'Bookworm'



footnotes

LOCKERBIE: The Firing of Dr Fieldhouse

ONE OF the unsung heroes of the 1988 Lockerbie disaster, in which a Pan-Am airliner crashed killing 268 people, was Dr David Fieldhouse, the senior police surgeon in West Yorkshire.

On the night of the disaster Dr Fieldhouse saw news of the crash on television and phoned the police in Lockerbie to offer his services. They were gratefully accepted and he drove to the scene at once.

Accompanied at all times by police officers, he worked through the night and the next day certifying and "tagging" the bodies. For five weeks after that he travelled regularly to Lockerbie to complete his work. He did not ask for, and nor was he paid, a penny. In a normal world, he would have earned a public honour. But he didn't get a medal. He got the sack.

Dr Fieldhouse worked for West Yorkshire police for 20 years, the last nine as senior police surgeon. In an unblemished and distinguished career, he dealt with 22,000 cases.

On the third anniversary of the disaster, in December 1991, the *Eye* told the story of the smearing of Dr Fieldhouse by Dumfries and Galloway police. Sergeant D. Johnson told the fatal accident inquiry, set up as a sop to bereaved families who unsuccessfully demanded a full-scale judicial inquiry, that Dr Fieldhouse had been a "volunteer" who had "tagged" bodies on his own initiative.

When he heard of the sergeant's evidence the doctor was furious. He insisted on giving evidence himself. At the inquiry he proved that he had worked throughout with the police, and named three of the officers who accompanied him. He made mincemeat of the hostile cross-examination of Lord Fraser of Carmyllie, a Tory careerist lawyer who was then lord advocate of Scotland (and was promoted almost immediately after the inquiry to be minister of state at the Scottish Office).

Fieldhouse's reputation was restored but the questions posed by his evidence at the inquiry were not answered. Why, for instance, were 57 of the 59 labels he attached to the bodies dispensed with and replaced by the authorities after he had left the scene? What happened to the 59th body? The police insisted there were only 58, but Dr Fieldhouse knows that he labelled 59.

He wonders whether the police count was incompetent — or whether one of the bodies was spirited away in the hours following the crash. Why were the killing fields around Lockerbie swarming for many hours after the bombing with intelligence agents, many of them despatched from Edinburgh? What were they looking for? Were their searches connected with the senior CIA agents — led by Major Charles "Tiny" McKee — who died in the plane? What happened to the suitcase full of strange substances which Farmer Jim Wilson found in his field and which vanished after he reported it?

All these questions continue to worry the more sceptical of the bereaved families. Dr Fieldhouse's modest and exemplary behaviour — and his insistence on speaking out at the inquiry— continued to infuriate the authorities.

In 1993 the American investigative journalist Alan Francovich started making a film about Lockerbie which challenged the official story that the bombing was solely the work of two Libyans. Last December Francovich's researcher, John Ashton, contacted Fieldhouse and interviewed him at length. Shortly after talking to Ashton, Fieldhouse was summoned to a meeting with two senior police officers at West Yorkshire police headquarters at Wakefield and was sacked. The date was 21 December 1993, the fifth anniversary of the disaster.

Fieldhouse was given three months notice but no credible explanation. One of the officers — an assistant chief constable — remarked that this was the "worst day of my professional life". At a meeting two weeks later with West Yorkshire chief constable Keith Hellawell, Fieldhouse was told his sacking was because of his "conduct". There were no details save a reference to a bizarre complaint — settled several months earlier — by two social workers, and other minor matters during the past four years such as an inability two years previously to make notes about a crown court query outside office hours.

An angry protest meeting of police surgeons was told a few days later that "Dr Fieldhouse did not give the required service."

Protests poured in. Six paediatricians who worked with police mainly on child abuse cases, the Bradford coroner James Turnbull, and several police officers wrote letters supporting Dr Fieldhouse's appeal. The authorities were adamant. The appeal was dismissed and the contract terminated.

"I've wracked my brains and neither I nor any of my colleagues can think of any relevant reason," says Dr Fieldhouse. "I've agreed to talk to you now because *Private Eye*'s 1991 story of what happened at Lockerbie was entirely accurate. I believe my contract was not renewed because I stood up for myself at the fatal accident inquiry, and was not prepared to condone perverting the course of justice.

"When I read John Stalker's book I could understand and associate myself with every problem he faced. I feel very much now as I am sure he must have felt when he was dismissed after a lifetime's devoted service to the police. Perhaps he may be able to help me understand what has happened to me, because all the police with whom I worked on a daily basis are all astounded and are at a loss to explain it.".

The *Eye* asked West Yorks police why Dr Fieldhouse had been sacked. Hold your breath for the reply: "The circumstances of Dr Fieldhouse's departure are a private matter between him and us".

Royal Mail

Postman Prat 2:

LEX APPEAL

EYE readers who struggled through last issue's piece about post office chief executive Bill Cockburn and his directorship of Lex Service will have been reassured by the post office's firm replies to the *Eye*'s questions.

Asked "Was there any restriction on Mr Cockburn's activities at Lex in view of the obvious overlap of business (vans etc)?", the post office replied: "No conflict. Because of the post office's bulk-buying policy we only buy our vans direct from the manufacturers."

When the *Eye* asked: "Does the post office have any contracts with or on behalf of Lex?" the answer was: "No contracts".

No contracts, no conflict. That's all right, then. Several *Eye* readers in the post office were puzzled. They allege that Lex has in the past provided trailers for the post office; that Lex vans are regularly hired by the post office; and that Lex Service recently bid for a contract to run the post office engineering depots in London which Mr Cockburn is keen to privatise.

Back went the *Eye* to the post office. Can this be true? If so, how does it measure up to the answers last time?

Here is the reply in full: "We have already made it clear to you that the post office does not consider there is a conflict of interest with Mr Cockburn having a non-executive seat on the board of Lex. This appointment was with the approval of the chairman and the DTI, and has been public knowledge from the outset.

"As chief executive, Mr Cockburn has no involvement in the day-to-day workings of the thousands of contracts involving the Post Office Corporation which has one of the best track records in the country for having well-established checks and safety mechanisms to ensure fair and honest dealing in the handling of all contracts and tenders. Your questions are regarded as further groundless innuendo and the post office does not wish to comment any further."

Peter Hain, the Labour MP who once worked for the postal workers union, is trying again with some more questions about Cockburn and Lex to Michael Heseltine, president of the board of trade. While he waits for a more informative answer, readers will notice how comprehensively the post office response to the *Eye* matches the commitment of our great public industries to the free flow of information — and might like to guess how much more we will be entitled to know if and when Bill Cockburn gets his wish (and his fortune) with post office privatisation.

A NUTTER DISGRACE

■ JOHN "Nutter" Patten is panicking that his precious policy of persuading schools to "opt out" of council control is being disrupted by parents at the ballot box.

In April and May, for the first time more schools voted to stay with the elected council (28) than to opt out (21). Nutter decided the results were not good enough. To cheers from the *Mail on Sunday*, he ordered Christ Church Middle School, Stone, Staffs, which had voted for the second time in a year against opting out, to vote again. His official reason was that Staffs county council, which runs the school, put out information which "could have misled parents".

Parents who voted to stay under the elected council are amused by the idea that elections should be rerun because of a false prospectus, and have been heard calling on Nutter to rerun the general election of 1992. They point out that the vast majority of the false information which accompanied their school ballot came from the opt-out lobby, who distributed a long string of leaflets through the school, claiming:

● "The school would have more money with GMS." This was true in itself, but offset rather crucially by the fact that the GMS (opted-out) school would cost *more*.

There were many references by the opters-out to increased income, none to increased spending. For instance, insurance. Councils can spread their insurance risk. GMS schools have to insure privately and many have done so rather expensively through a new insurance company set up by officials of the Grant Maintained Schools Centre (see *Eyes passim*).

The cost of insuring Christ Church school would go up by about £13,000 a year. Moreover, GMS schools pay VAT, council schools do not. VAT would cost Christ Church an extra £15,400. After calculating likely income and spending with great care, Staffs education officials estimated that opting out would turn a £4,000 surplus into a £19,000 deficit. The council published the figures, stressing they were "estimated". Without challenging the figures, Nutter denounced the conclusion as "wrong".

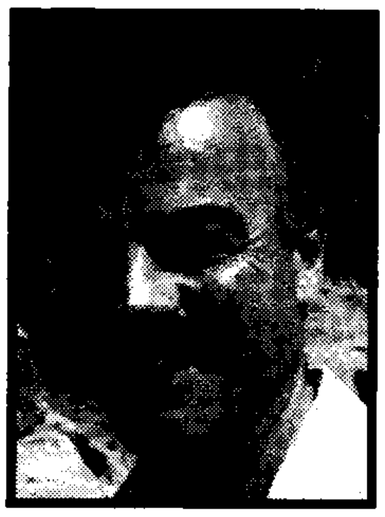
● "Classes under GMS would be smaller." An audit commission report last year showed no difference whatever in class sizes in the different types of school.

● In one of their early leaflets the opters-out thanked "Mr Ian Nichol of the Bluecoat School, Preston for providing a positive history of the success story relating to his primary school's pioneering lead into GMS." Whoops! There was no reference to a school inspectors' report last summer which sharply criticised the quality of teaching at Bluecoat, Preston. The inspectors found its education standards "unsatisfactory" in science, geography, design technology and physical education.

As in all campaigns there was a bit of exaggeration on both sides — but far more in favour of opting out than against. To keep his faltering bandwagon moving, Nutter Patten has now decreed that if you lie and win for opt-out, that's fine, and the school opts out. But if you exaggerate and win against opt-out, you must try again until you lose, and the school opts out. Nutter calls it Free Choice in an Enterprising World.

PS: The lucrative contract for publishing and distributing many thousands of copies of the bulky document *Grant Maintained Schools, Financial Purchasing and Administrative Considerations* was awarded by the Grant Maintained Schools Centre to Scorpio Publishing, editor Dipti Patel, formerly marketing manager for, er, the Grant Maintained Schools Centre.

BASHED!



■ **EX-COPPER John Gorman, the victim of abusive phone calls and dirty tricks after he lodged a complaint against British Airways, has been attacked in his home and had his eyes sprayed with poison.**

The attack happened the day after Mr Gorman won a round in a protracted court case against the world's favourite airline.

For a week or two after the *Eye* revelations about the abusive phone calls, Mr Gorman's phone went silent. In the week he was due in court to ask for more time to provide documents, the calls started again. On 14 June a caller told him: "You make allegations against British Airways on Thursday — it won't be your car that's damaged next time. Don't bother recording my call. No one will believe you. They will say you put someone up to doing it."

The call was recorded and reported to Scotland Yard.

Two days later Mr Gorman appeared before Judge Dowling with his request for an extension of 28 days. Dan Soffin, an American lawyer attached to the expensive London firm of Beaumont & Son, challenged the extension. The judge granted the extension and impatiently refused Soffin's application for costs.

The next day, Friday 17 June, John Gorman was in his garden when a neighbour told him some electricity meter men had been let in to the house. On the stairs he encountered two well-dressed men who greeted him by spraying his face with a toxic substance.

One man held him in an iron grip while the other threw his tape recorder out of the window and stole a cassette from a mini-recorder, and several other tapes. Shouting abuse about complaining against British Airways, the men fled. Mr Gorman managed to call the police and ambulance. A doctor at Nuffield hospital treated his eyes and said he was lucky to have kept his sight.

The following day another anonymous caller rang with another delightful message: "Gorman... that's only a taste of what's to come, yesterday. Keep your mouth shut in future."

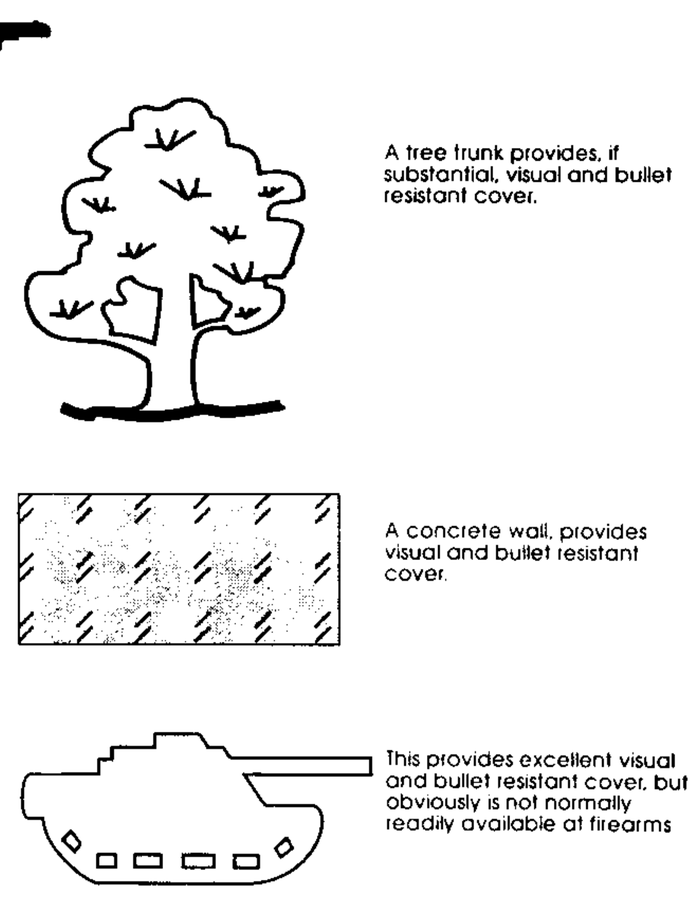
On 20 June John Gorman got a letter from Mervyn Walker, legal director of British Airways, which sought to explain all the abusive telephone calls and other matters. Mr Walker dealt at length with the abusive call — on 3 November last — which was traced to the office of the head of security of British Airways, then a Mr Ian Jackson. The number, explained Mr Walker, had two extensions, one in Mr Jackson's office, the other on his secretary's desk outside his office. "We have established," wrote Mr Walker, "that Mr Jackson was away from Heathrow that day and his office was locked. We have interviewed Mr Jackson's secretary and we are satisfied that she did not make the call." This was a brilliant deduction, since the caller was male. No further explanation was offered.

Mr Gorman continues with his case against BA, which has already accepted responsibility for the cut glass incident and has offered Mr Gorman £500 — not enough, he says.

PS: The *New Law Journal* of 10 June carries a story of a man who sued British Airways after being obliged to sit in a smoking area. The article noted that Beaumont and Son did everything in its power to resist the claim, which eventually succeeded. The *NLJ* concluded: "It may take courage for a litigant in person to battle on in a consumer dispute against BA, but the courage could pay off."

JUST FANCY THAT

■ This page from "Staying Alive", a document on how to deal with firearms was circulated to all 7000 officers of the West Midlands Police. For some reason hard to fathom it led to a burst of spontaneous insubordinate laughter.


A tree trunk provides, if substantial, visual and bullet resistant cover.
A concrete wall, provides visual and bullet resistant cover.
This provides excellent visual and bullet resistant cover, but obviously is not normally readily available at firearms

You can write to Paul Foot at 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG, or leave a message for him on 071 287 3183

In the City

WHILE not so mysterious muggings in Turkey may grab the headlines and suggest the flailings of a desperate man, behind the scenes it would seem very much to be business as usual in the one-sided contest for Polly Peck's assets in Northern Cyprus between Asil Nadir and the administrators.

With the exception of one court ruling barring him from the unfinished Crystal Cove hotel, Nadir has continued to stay ahead. He remains firmly in control of the only income producing assets, which he continues to plunder with impunity.

The secret of the fugitive's success is not hard to detect. It is the continued support he receives from Turkish Cypriot leader Rauf Denktash. This has effectively neutralised the influence of Nadir's political opponents in the coalition government elected last year.

Whether Denktash is repaying old favours or insuring against Nadir's threatened political ambitions (Denktash faces reelection as president next year) is unclear. But so far Denktash has blocked any move by the Turkish Cypriot government to collect more than $8 million owed by Polly Peck companies in back taxes and social security payments, or to accept the administrators' offer to take the Unipac packaging business in settlement.

Successive attempts by the administrators to recover Polly Peck assets through the local courts have been thwarted, and now even they accept that this route is a waste of time and money.

The result is a stand-off leaving Nadir still in control of Unipac and two hotels as the tourist season starts while the administrators have spent huge sums for zero return. Observers in Northern Cyprus see no change in this situation for the foreseeable future. And should the coalition government, with its left-wing partners, fall and Nadir's other long time ally, former prime minister Dervis Eroglu, return, then Polly Peck's creditors can probably wave goodbye to any hope of recovery.

The dilemma for the administrators is that after nearly four years and millions in fees they are still not in possession of so much as an orange — but it is difficult if not impossible to explain to creditors why they should walk away empty handed. For this reason suggestions such as handing over the assets for a derisory sum to Nadir or a Turkish buyer have been rejected.

So having been outmanoeuvred all the way, mistakenly putting trust in first Denktash and then the local courts, there seems little hope of any solution while Denktash remains in power and prepared to support Nadir. Now Polly Peck creditors know how the United Nations, Britain and Turkey feel over their even longer running failure to resolve the Cyprus issue due to the same Denktash factor.

AS THE Norton business lingers on a failing life support mechanism, repairing but no longer manufacturing motor cycles, there is considerably greater activity at the Serious Farce Office over events during 1987-91 which lead up to the company's demise. Scotland Yard fraud squad officers continue to follow up the findings of the department of trade and industry investigation. Those with knowledge of the police investigation are confident it will result in a prosecution.

WHILE WAITING to discover if it has a future, the SFO has acquired a new landlord following the financial problems of the Scandinavian owners of Elm House. The office block was sold several months ago by receivers acting for the German and French bankers to Citadellet AB for £16.25 million. The buyer was Safestem, a British company owned by Lone Star Trust of Liechtenstein, believed to represent an Arab buyer. The lease runs to 2012 and costs the taxpayer £1.5 million a year. Whether the SFO will still be with us into the next century — or even next year — is expected to be revealed later this month.

THE SUDDEN revelation last month that troubled publisher Harrington Kilbride's profits from deals in eastern Europe were in fact £3 million of bad debts, wiping out its annual profits, will not exactly increase confidence in its management controls or finance director Kevin Austin, whose letter defending HK's employment practices appeared in *Eye* 838.

It seems that as the recession hit here HK went big on selling advertising in Russia, Romania, Poland, Hungary and the Czech/Slovak republics. This was done by recruiting an army of sales staff on commissions and relied heavily on nationals from those countries. Most have now returned from whence they came much richer — even if HK is the poorer for failing to collect cash up front.

Once Austin has resolved HK's eastern European problems no doubt he will be able to reassure shareholders there is no question of assumed names being used for UK employees from the former Communist countries without work permits. Or that a young permitless east European was hired at the insistence of a director, with whom she was on very friendly terms, until the home office found out.

DESPITE remonstrations from the Stock Exchange against selective leaking of price sensitive information, the "Friday night drop" from financial PR men continues to enable Sunday newspapers to keep their readers ahead of events and the stock market, supposed to be the first to know.

Last November the Tower issued new guidelines in part aimed at the infamous "drop". This produced a thunderous outburst of humbug from the *Sunset Times*, declaring the whole idea a "myth" and righteously denying that it had ever been "a principal recipient".

"We barely witnessed it," was the haughty declaration from Wapping twins Ivan Fallon (then but no longer business editor) and Jeff Randall (now in sole command as City editor).

What then to make of classic examples of the mythical "drop" at work in the past two months and at the *Sunset Times* too?

On 15 May the *Times* and *Sunday Telegraph* both "revealed" that De La Rue was the mystery bidder for papermakers Portals. On 12 June the *Times*, *Telegraph* and *Observer* simultaneously "discovered" that Enterprise Oil was to raise its bid for Lasmo. And most recently (19 June) those PR flak favourites, the *Times* and *Telegraph*, forecast in unison that South Africa's Liberty Life would raise up to $500 million from a Euro-bond issue.

Clearly the Stock Exchange message is not getting through. Except that the guidelines do say that information should be distributed simultaneously to two national newspapers! And anyway the "drop" went out years ago with Fleet Street. It's all done on the telephone. But what does the Stock Exchange expect journalists to do? Find stories for themselves!

A RECENT survey of financial hacks disclosed that the *Eye* is read more widely than any publication other than the *FT* and is considered the third most useful publication. No wonder therefore that *Eye* stories keep cropping up in those other less well read publications as supposed "scoops".

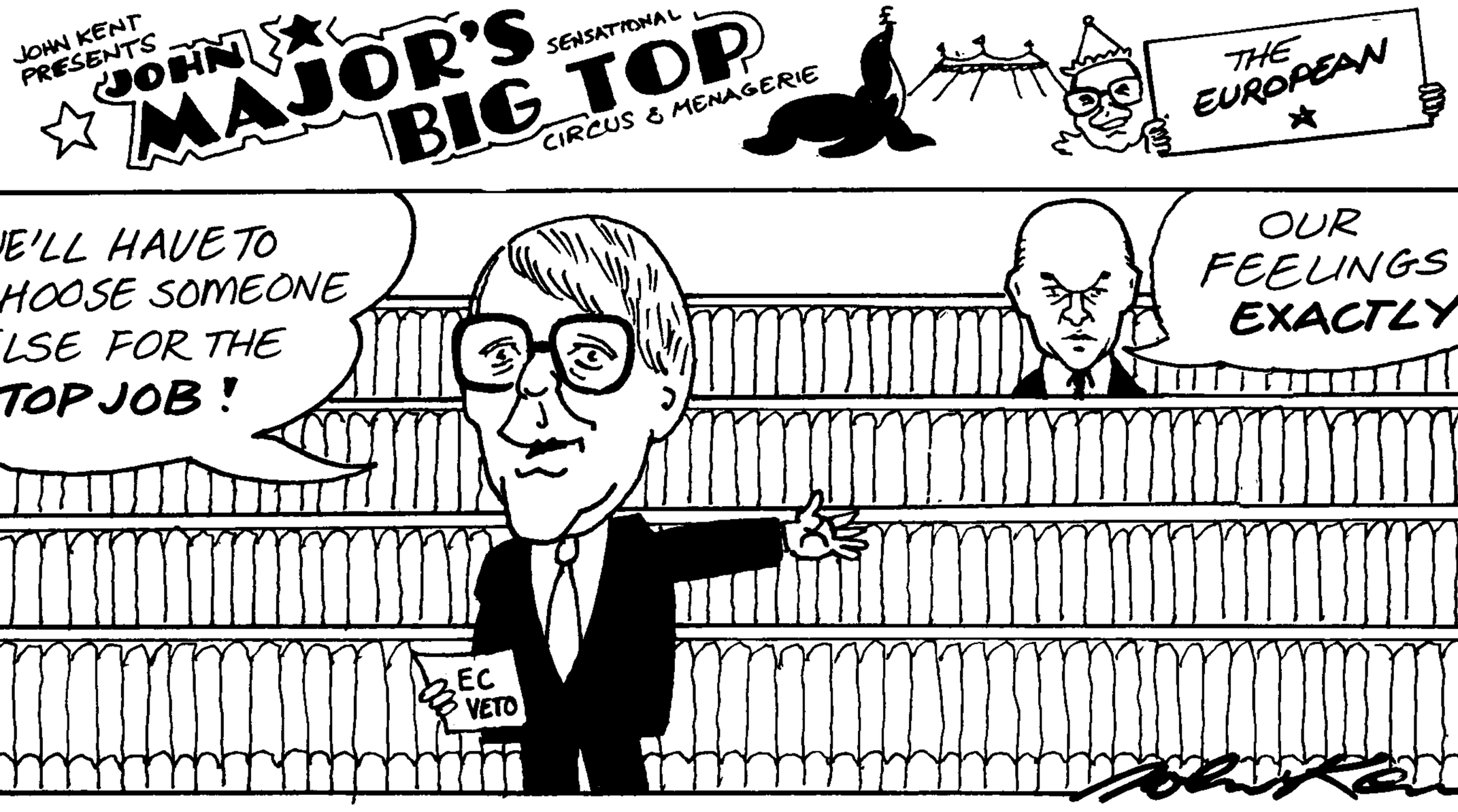
Latest example was in the *Sunset Times* on 22 May which "revealed" the IRA linked activities of Capital International Bank & Trust, the brass plate bank from an Oklahoma Indian reservation. *Eye* readers may recall first hearing about that two weeks before.

Previously it had been the turn of the *Mail on Sunday* which on 13 February announced "Top lawyer quits in Maxwell shock". In fact the departure of SFO case controller John Tate had been published here two months before.

All of which explains that "most useful" rating.

I OWE the celebrated chartered accountant and liquidator Panos Eliades an apology. On 20 May I said he accompanied fellow fan Roger Levitt to Copenhagen to see Arsenal play in the European cup winners' cup. This was not true, as Eliades was in Atlantic City with Lennox Lewis for Lewis' world title fight.

'Slicker'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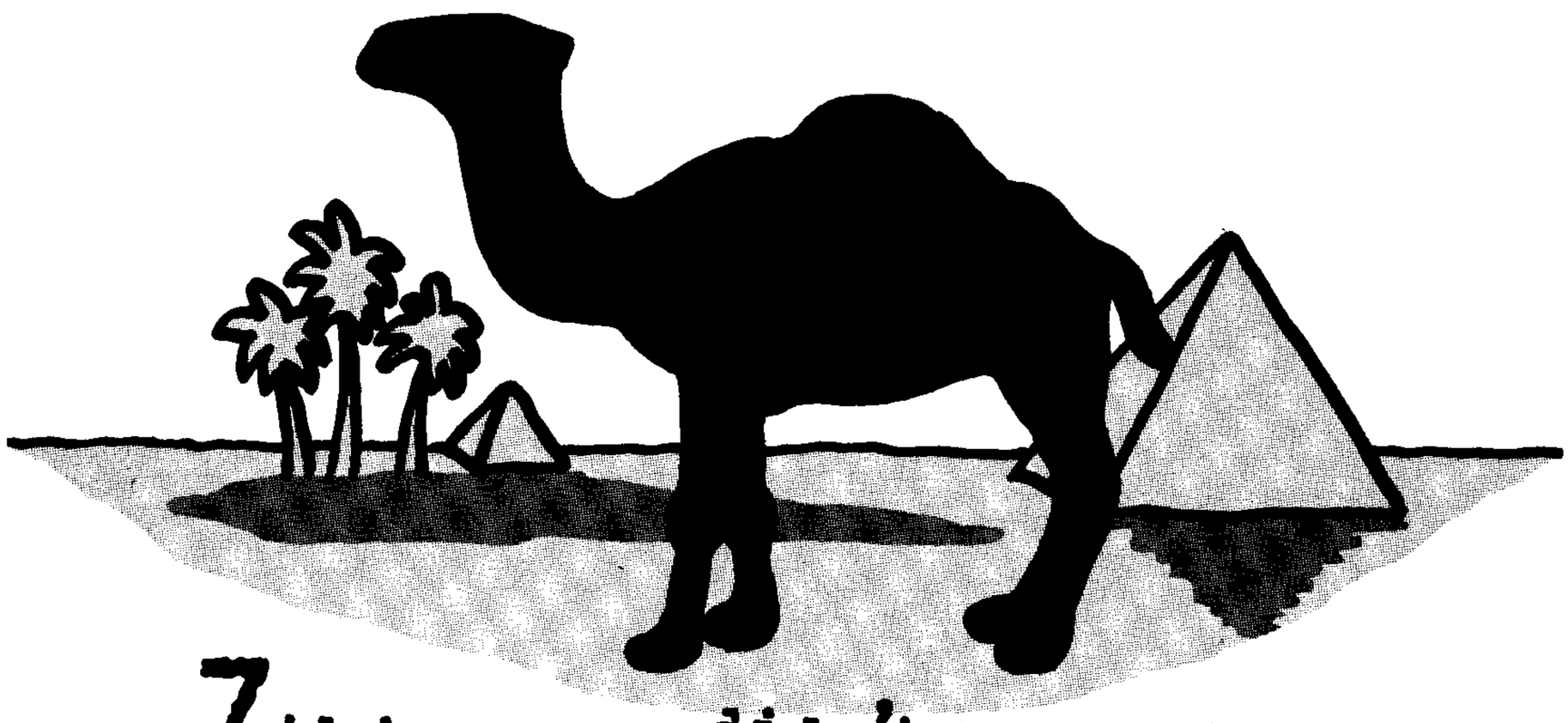

7 things YOU didn't know about

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2. The latin name for Camel Mild is Camelus Lenis.

3. The hard of hearing never confuse Camel Mild with Camomile because the former tastes smoother.

4. It is a myth that camels store water in their humps. However, up to 72 millilitres of water can be stored in a pack of Camel Mild. Remember to remove the cigarettes first to avoid spoiling the smooth taste.

5. A camelhair brush is usually made of squirrel hair. No squirrel hair is used in the making of Camel Mild as this would affect the smooth taste.

6. If a pack of Camel Mild was collapsed into a black hole, the smooth taste would never escape its gravitational pull. Let's be careful out there.

7. Camel Mulled is often served around the oasis at Christmas time. Rough and fiery, it is nothing like Camel Mild which is renowned for its smooth taste.

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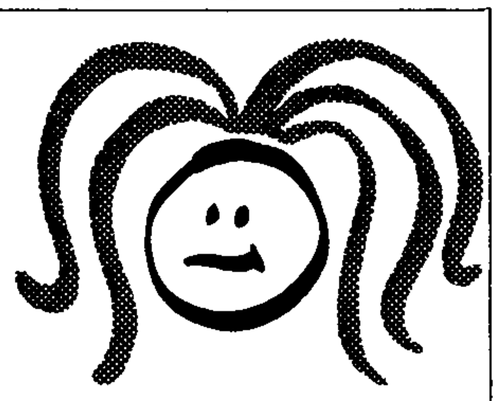

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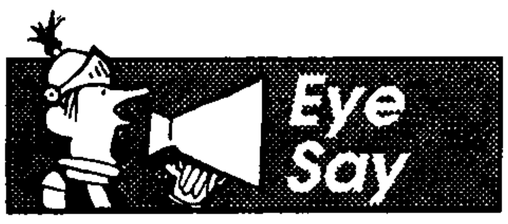
During Ford pay talks the employers offered only one concession: improved death benefits but no improvement on wages. After a while Birch started tapping slowly on the table and began moaning quietly. A concerned Ford executive said: "Mr Birch, whatever is the matter? Are you all right?" Birch replied: "I am in touch with my dead members on the other side. They want to know if your kind offer is retrospective."

Terry Pattinson's obituary of Reginald Birch, trade unionist and political activist, The Independent



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HILDA MURRELL — Artist's impression shows individual by (assumed?) name of "V. Brunyel". CT.

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SPEECHWRITING by Mitch Murray. See page 30.

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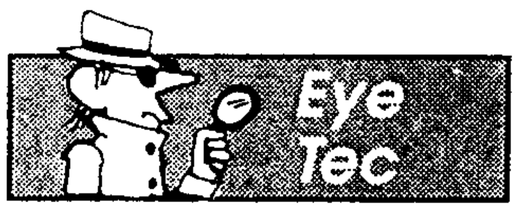

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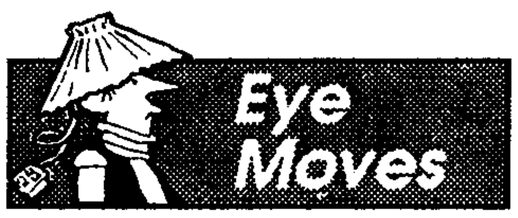

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UNATTACHED LADY, 51, seeks unattached man, 45-60. SE Area. Box 3349.

ATTRACTIVE, BRIGHT, outgoing, amusing, professional female (34), enjoys theatre, opera and jazz, eating out, keeping fit and summer picnics, seeks warm, honest, witty, interesting, unattached male (30-40), London area. No dullards, bores or bankrupts, please! Box 3449.

DIRTY OLD MAN, 52, slim, solvent, enjoys food, wine, music, seeks like-minded, well built curvaceous female to clean, cook and share bed. Photo appreciated. London. Box 3549.

1963 LADY SCORPIO? Sought by 5'7" athletic N/S Capricorn male. Late 40s. ALA. Box 3649.

FEISTY 49ISH BLONDE, determined to age disgracefully, seeks unattached male accomplice. Box 3749.

MALE, 39, with basic instinct, seeks lady with no underwear for lunchtime frolic. Box 3849.

TALL, DARK, HANDSOME London male, 31, professional/businessman seeks attractive, sensual lady 25-49 for stimulating friendship, discreet affair. Box 3949.

HELLO, MY NAME'S JEREMY. What's yours? Box 4049.

UNATTRACTIVE MAN, 27, seeks woman with own home. Box 4149.

ATTRACTIVE, VIVACIOUS, bright, independent, professional female, 32, 5'6", seeks outgoing, humorous, attractive, intelligent, stylish, solvent male, 34-42 for a moondance and long-term relationship! Hants/W Sussex/Surrey. Box 4249.

SEX-STARVED but otherwise attached London based middle-aged man (smoker) seeks discreet affair. Lady with inclination and full figure sought. Photo please, but not essential. Box 4349.

GENTLEMAN, SINGLE, 40s, well travelled, wide range of interests, remorseless sense of humour yet very presentable, would like to meet ladies with intelligence and style. Currently residing away from spear throwing locals in the lowlands of Berkshire. Daguerreotypes please. Box 4449.

MALE ACADEMIC, 48, attractive, caring, outgoing, adventurous, seeks slender female (Yorkshire). Photo appreciated. Box 4549.

TALL, AFFLUENT, attractive man, married but with time to indulge in a discreet liaison would like to meet similar lady who would enjoy sharing the pleasures of delicious lunches and sensual suppers. Up to 45, London and Home Counties. Box 4649.

HANDSOME, YOUNG graduate seeks further education with leggy female. London. Box 4749.

NEITHER OF US has time to waste. Attractive, busy, professional man, 33, seeks straightforward, exciting relationship with sexy, slim, intelligent, relaxed, equally busy woman. Photo please. London. Box 4849.

CHIC BLACK WOMAN, 49, wishes to meet professional gentleman 50-70 for friendship with no strings. Box 4949.

CHESHIRE CHAP optimistically seeking bright, pretty companion (25-35) for happily ever after ending. Box 5349.

GRANDFATHER WANTED (58-73), healthy ticker, lively chime, kind face, gsoh, by warm, attractive, independent grandmother (50s), curvy case, for friendship, fun, fruitful future. S/SE. Box 5149.

SEMI-SPARKLING, semi-sweet, Californian 1955 vintage; medium body, witty finish. Bottled up in marriage, seeks intelligent, discrete, tender chap for quality fizz. London-based. Foreign fields potential. Box 5249.

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INDEPENDENT GRADUATE MALE, 35, n/s, quiet but confident and practical, interests include films, books, long walks, seeks similar sincere female, 25-35, for friendship and romance. Ring 0660 204079

YOUNG 39 YEAR old Brazilian woman seeks an English gentleman for companionship, fun, possibly leading to a relationship. Ring 0660 209436

FRENCH BACKGROUND, businessman, 40s, sense of humour, looking for dark haired, independent lady, 30s, to introduce him to London. Hampshire/London based. Ring 0660 204039

SUMMER OF LOVE - Two attractive, intelligent, W/London based women seek men, (30s), for various pursuits including theatre, music, clubs, Latin dancing and sports. Ring 0660 204067

SPECIAL RARE MAN, 44, tall, rugged, high IQ, successful and selective, will respond to slim, beautiful, exotic females, 25-35, who prefer above average men. Ring 0660 204086

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL, NICE funny female, 39, would like to meet good humoured, professional male, you must be fit, fun, financially secure, 30-45. Ring 0660 204070

ENGLISHMAN, 36, SEEKS attractive, feminine woman, 18-25, slim yet shapely, with long hair, no ties or children, for serious but fun relationship. Non-smoker please. Ring 0660 204081

LADY, 41, SLIM, attractive, blonde and blue eyed, seeks English gentleman, 40-48, 5ft 9in minimum, for long term relationship. Ring 0660 208853

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past and present male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

VERY ATTRACTIVE BLONDE lady, early 40s, 5ft 2in, medium build, own London home, seeks gentleman, similar position for friendship and romance. Ring 0660 207250

MALE, ATTACHED, 38, SE England, own successful business, likes living life to the full, seeks similiar female, for fun, frolics and who knows what. Ring 0660 204928

TEMPERAMENTAL LITTLE HUSSY, 24, dynamic and vivacious, trim and sexy, hunts slim and tall, educated, professional gentleman to rah rah away with. Ring 0660 204078

SENSUAL, CONSIDERATE, attractive, slim, likeable and honest male, 30s, looking for a mature lady to share mutual interests. No age/colour bar. Ring 0660 204084

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL lady, 48, independent means, fun loving, caring, honest and romantic, seeks professional or business gentleman to share enjoyable times together, e.g. wining, dining. Ring 0660 204066

BORING, ARGUMENTATIVE, stubborn man, 30s, [non conformist tendencies, unconventional views, foreign accent - poor shag too] seeks congenial or deranged beauty. Ring 0660 204057

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0660 204333

GENUINELY ATTRACTIVE MAN, young 38, no ties, professional, seeks intelligent woman for fun, adventure and romance. Ring 0660 205856

HUNGARIAN ARTIST, permanently living in London, with daughter, aged 4, would like to meet gentleman, 30-39, interested in art, cinema or theatre. Ring 0660 209550

TALL HUNK, 36, also sensitive and romantic, arty, sporty, ordinary background, straightfoward, enjoys a laugh. Seeks slim lady. Ring 0660 204082

FEMALE, BRITISH, 5ft 5in, 31, n/s, lives/works Central London. Interests sports, music, country weekends, seeks professional, independent male, 30-35, to share similar interests. Ring 0660 209939

GOOD LOOKING, PROFESSIONAL, outgoing, interesting genuine and individual young man, 35. I'm romantic, caring, spiritual, love sports, outdoor life, arts, seeks like minded soul. Ring 0660 204080

PRETTY LADY, 35, caring, romantic, sophisticated, gsoh, ready to settle down and start family. Seeks thoroughly genuine guy, 30-48, looking for a very special lady. Ring 0660 209091

SLIM, ATTRACTIVE CHAP, 5ft 8in, 48, Jewish and terrific soh, looking for a slim, attractive lady to share good times together. Ring 0660 204074

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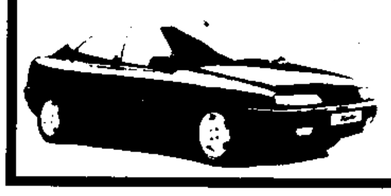

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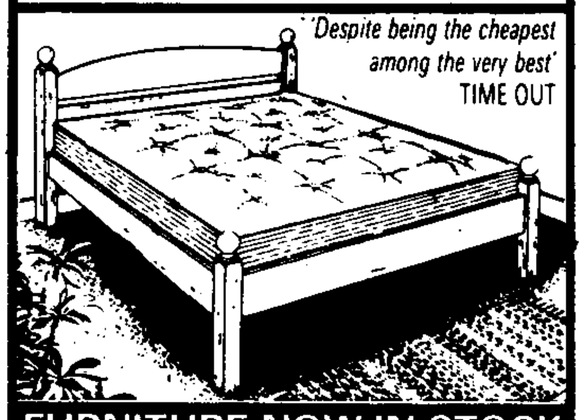

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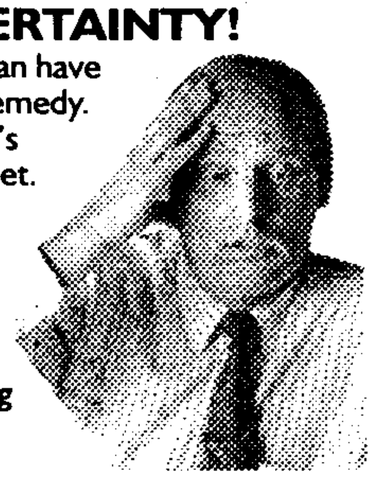

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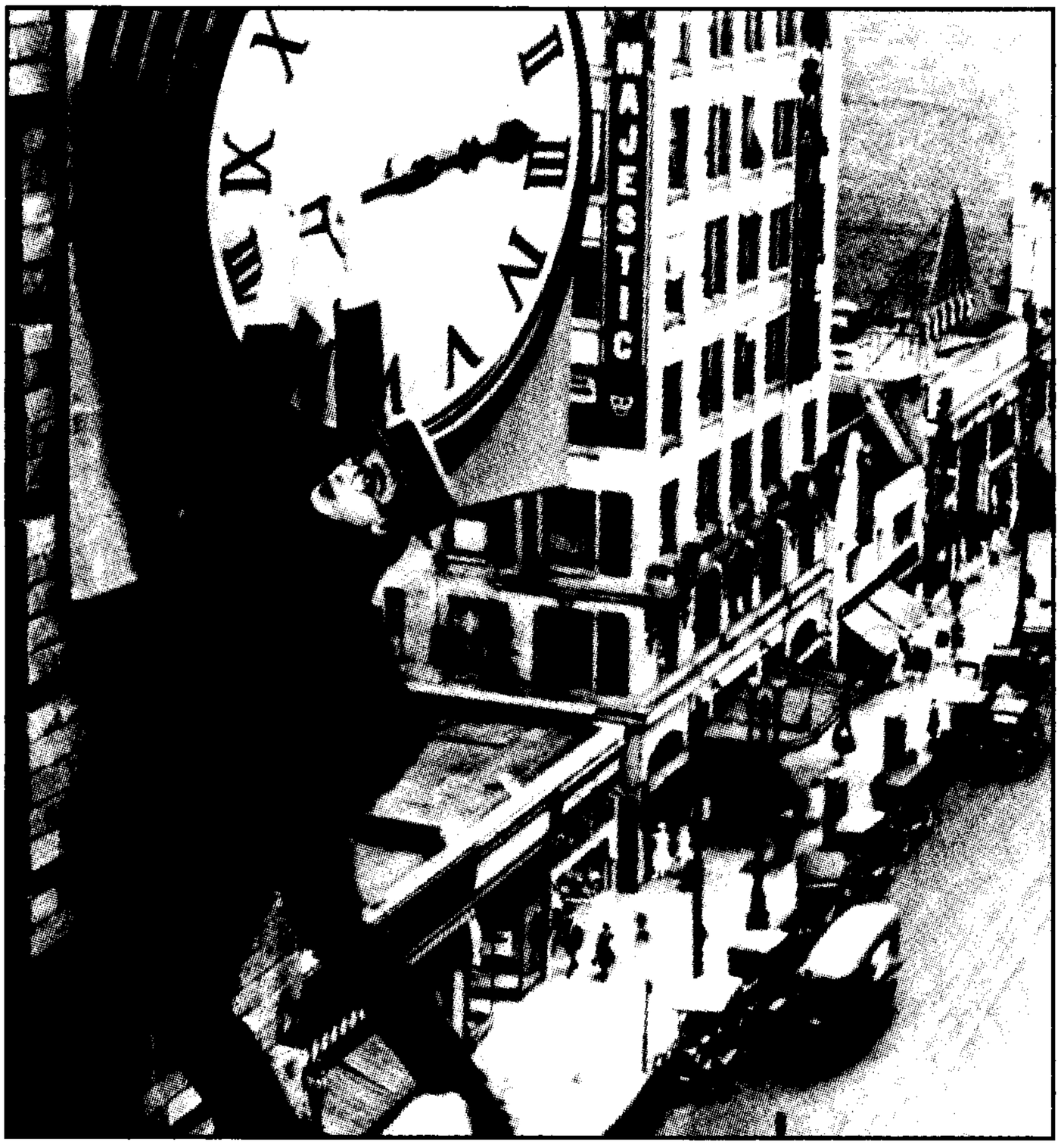

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Published by Pressdram Ltd, 6 Carlisle St, London W1V 5RG. 071-437 4017. Printed by East End Offset Ltd, Empson St, London E3 3LT. Distributed by P.E. Distribution, Mortimer Hse, 230/236 Lavender Hill, London SW11 1LE. 071-223 9971